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The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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Jacket design for "The Lady of Laws," by Susanne Trautwein, just published by Elliot Holt.

Thalassius Again

LA JEUNESSE DE SWINBURNE. Vols. I and II. By GEORGES LAFOURCADE. New York: Oxford University Press. 1929. $2.55.

SWINBURNE. By SAMUEL C. CHEW. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. 1929. $3.50.

Reviewed by CLYDE K. HYDER

IN 1866 an elfin creature with flaming hair chanted pagan songs of passion and set the watch-dogs of Victorian morality baying. To them the lyric music was mere caterwauling, the singer a lecherous priest of Venus. Our generation marvels at the tumult, for to-day "Dolores," like faded wall-paper, reminds us of an era when a poet might well pray to be redeemed from the kind of virtue symbolized by "lilies and languors."

Even if it were possible to judge a modern author apart from his personality, some curiosity about the latter would be justifiable. The more exotic the flower of beauty, the more natural our wonder at its growth. The age-old song of the nightingale or the cruel face of Faustine passing through successive reincarnations, the stripes of the tiger shining in dark forests or "the thunder of the trumpets of the night" falling on the ears of the despairing minstrel in the Horselberg—were these born in normal minds? In what strange soil did "Dolores," "mystical rose of the mire," flourish? Long ago William Rossetti reprehended a certain strain of voluptuous cruelty in Swinburne's early work—a fondness for the macabre suggesting a problem in psychology. Readers will recall the magnificent sadism of "The Triumph of Time," which represents the poet, repulsed by Jane Faulkner, turning back to the sea for solace. To M. Lafourcade, "Dolores" is a reaction from this poem, a surrender, based on congenital tendency, to Our Lady of Pain. Curiously enough, he finds covert references to the work of the notorious French Marquis in such unexpected places as a passage in "William Blake." Perhaps M. Lafourcade applies his formula a little too rigorously. To the enthusiasm and the irony which he considers the twin props of literary study he should add a dash of skepticism. We must remember that the admirer of Lucrezia Borgia was also devoted to Mrs. Gamp and that the aristocratic schoolboy, however scabrous his fancy at times, was likewise a scholar, a fearless fighter in the Liberation War of Humanity, a highly complex human being.

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Modern War*

By HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

LIKE every other reader old enough to have felt the stress and distortions, the spiritual flushes and depressions of the Great War, I have followed with unflagging interest the strange courses of war literature. It is hard to remember how we felt, what we were, in 1914 and 1918, but the books written then are still here; and they are no longer our thoughts and our books.

The first phase of war literature was lyric and individual. It was a literature of courage and regret, and most of all of dazed astonishment. There was no philosophy in it, but only the strong instinctive emotions of men whose life had suddenly been seized and twisted away from its foundations. The best of it was in poetry.

The second phase was philosophical, and while most of its books were sheer propaganda, it was far more sincere than it seems now. The fact of war, once realized, sent men back to their creeds of living. The great guns of argument began to boom, and historical principles were dragged from the text books and flung across fluttering acres of print. We were—and I take to describe it a line from Thucydides which I borrowed myself for one of the innumerable essays written at the time—being educated by violence. The great abstract forces, autocracy, democracy, had become incarnate in the struggle, which was to be resolved, not by defeat or victory in arms, but by some reversal in world thinking, some new abstraction of world peace or world coördination, which would swallow up the other abstractions and live happily forever afterwards. It was not man against man so much as idea against idea.

The third phase (not necessarily chronological) was personification. The correspondents who had written home of vast floods of field-gray uniforms sweeping over Belgium, and pictured the Western front as two menacing barriers of eruptive steel, began to see looming figures behind the dust and smoke of war. It was the Kaiser now who personified the issues of the war for us, Von Hindenburg became a legend; the "Tommy," the "boche," the "poilu," and, later, "the doughboy," became types for massed humanity in the fight itself. Man was now struggling with man, but still more with suffering, fright, and the weather. He was pathetic or exalted. War became a mode of life by which the civilian world was fascinated. War narratives spread through every language.

Some of them were humorous and exciting, as if war were a kind of picnic, with moments of heroism, and hardships to be remembered in tranquillity. This phase has lingered on in many recent American books of a superficial kind which capitalize this mood for the purposes of fiction. Others, like Barbusse's "Le Feu," were sordid and terrible, depicting a slavery in which the steel whip hung always over the flinching body; and from these a prayer went up to abolish this monster war in which was only baseness and cruelty and the frustration of every good instinct.

The "glory" books and the funny books leave a bad taste in the mouth now. They were whistling to keep one's spirits up, or (more often) whistling to draw on the others. But the dismal narratives are quite as unsatisfying. They seem now to have been written by men too regardful of the habits of ordinary life, or too soft, or too logical. Their worst horrors were true, but they seem now to tell of some specialized race of men, from whom adventure, loyalty, and the delights of courage and sacrifice had been bred out. They deal with a war which was just a war, not a life with the rounded experience of at least some good with much evil which every life must possess. And yet it was Barbusse and his followers who gave to us behind the lines, and here in America, where as yet we only read of war, the first idea of what lay underneath the stolid quiet of men who came back from the front.

The fourth phase was, indeed, silence. After the war, we grew sick of war quickly, both those who had been in it and those who had not. The febrile civilian hysteria which mounted to such brittle heights in America in the fall of 1918, when a malignity possessed gentle souls such as one never found at St. Mihiel or in Flanders, and ardent commercialists foamed with hate while money ran into their pockets, quickly subsided. In October of 1918 it was unsafe for a returned soldier or correspondent to talk of war's irresistible fatigue and inevitable ending. Patriots of the civilian ranks were eager to have war time go on forever. Their withers were unwrung; their blood was pleasantly excited. Liberty bonds (their war sacrifice) were in every cupboard. But by 1919 they were bored by talk of fighting, and so was literature. For years afterward we heard much of politics, economics, and social change, but little of the war.

The fifth phase began, as everyone knows, a little while ago with a flood of war reminiscences—some fact, some drama and fiction—suddenly released. Most of them, like most reminiscences, were trivial though interesting. Many were frankly commercialized, excitement makers for a new generation to whom the war (like the Wild West) was a glamorous past. But in the real books, the real

* THE PATH TO GLORY. By GEORGE BLAKE. New York: Harper & Bros. 1929.

* ALL QUIET ON THE WESTERN FRONT. By ERICH MARIA REMARQUE. Boston: Little Brown & Co. 1929. $2.50.

This Week

"All Quiet on the Western Front" and "The Path to Glory."
Reviewed by HENRY SEIDEL CANBY.

"Skippy."
Reviewed by WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.

"Round-up."
Reviewed by ALLAN NEVINS.

"No Love."
Reviewed by ROBERT NATHAN.

"British Plays."
Reviewed by GEORGE H. NETTLETON.

"The Hohenzollerns."
Reviewed by JOHN M. S. ALLISON.

"Three Reformers."
Reviewed by M. M. KNAPPEN.

The Caliph.
By CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

Next Week, or Later

St. Elmo and St. Twelvemo.
By WILLIAM W. BRENTON.

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plays, those philosophical abstracts, which in the earlier books had lined up like the gods on Olympus, had disappeared entirely, as had the personifications of Kaisers and Generals, and the types of "poilu," "doughboy," and "boche." Man, plain man was the hero, and now he was neither the musketeer nor the slave. He enjoyed war sometimes, much more often he hated it. We looked back at last through theories and propaganda, got away from the first hundred thousand flushed with patriotism, and the devil-dog marines, to the only element of which real literature could be made—civilized, normal man in a new and great experience.

* * *

A group of books published this year has been most helpful in seeing what it all really meant to the man inside the soldier. There was Blunden's "Undertones of War" and Chalif's "Journey's End," where the educated gentleman, neither a brute nor a coward, neither eager nor unwilling to fight, sets down his sense of futility, of waste, of terror, lightened by heroism and the exaltation of duty done. Rudolf Binding's "A Fatalist at War" was another such book, German made, but in the identical mood and spirit. In "The Case of Sergeant Grischa," the great abstract forces of state and theory, which obsessed us in the first years, beat upon a single human heart and are turned to absurdity. There is the pathetic narrative of George Blake's, "The Path to Glory," a tale unquestionably typical of the simple man, his brain in a mist, carried on by necessity and a few strong instincts down an unreturning path at whose end death is accepted as meekly as a bullock's. Here, as in all these later stories, the enemy scarcely figures. He is the only real abstraction left, feared but not hated, thought of only in terms of barrages and machine guns, appearing only in the surprising revelation of battered, beaten men, as simple and as puzzled as their captors. The terrible Turks of Blake's Dardanelles are, once seen, "meek and frightened men of middle-age."

But to me the most illuminating books of all are two, both translated from foreign tongues, both curiously familiar, the one to our present, the other, which does not deal with our great war at all, to [illegible]ories, prejudices, and illusions held over [illegible]fortunately) irretrievable past.

"[illegible]Quiet on the Western Front," by Erich [illegible]marque, has had a phenomenal circulation in its native Germany, and elsewhere in Europe, and is likely to have a wide reading here also. It is fiction, but of that kind of fiction more convincing than many alleged autobiographies. Here the resolution between man and idea, the abstract and the concrete in war, is complete. The hero is educated, sensitive, but neither a super-patriot, nor a pacifist; in other words, like most of us. He has gone, not too willingly, but not by force to war. He has fought four years, the whole of his mature youth, and is proud of his skill and competence. War is his home. War is the lot of his generation. He has been educated, literally, by violence. And in his lucid, not unhumorous narrative, the friendship of a group of soldiers, their experiences with horror and with the poor comforts behind the line, their casual loves, their satisfied hungers, are so much more important than the seldom seen enemy, that the war absurdly becomes, not a conflict at all —and never for an instant a struggle between Great Principles—but rather an existence, to be described as one might describe any other hazardous occupation, such as coal mining.

* * *

The balance hangs true in Remarque. Pacifism is a theory, militarism is a theory, war is a necessity —not in its causes, for who really hates the enemy! —but because for this doomed generation it is a fact. War for these men is normal, which does not mean that they like it. The abnormal, for them, is the warped emotion of the home town when they go back for vacation—an atmosphere of vengeance and greed and ideas of grandeur, which has no place in the real world of war as it is at the front, even though the cause of all war is in its miasmas.

And hence these youths, who, like hostages kept in some barbarous tribe, are civilized men living the life of barbarians, have a strange lucidity of judgment. They are a wasted generation, but because they are outcasts from civilization, they see its cracks and tensions at home. They can be happy there no longer. Home is the ultimate cause of their miseries. Its blindness, its greed, its moral ruthlessness they escape in action; and when the schoolmaster who had driven militarism into them in training camp comes up to the front, they beat humility into his stiff hide.

But the action which purges them is itself miserable, a horror, at its best disgusting to man. They take no satisfaction in it. What relieves their souls of rancor and rapacity, reduces their bodies to swinishness, makes brutality, manslaughter in self-defense, an occupation, an existence.

Already it has become somewhat lighter. Steps hasten over me. The first. Gone. Again, another. The rattle of machine-guns becomes an unbroken chain. Just as I am about to turn round a little, something heavy stumbles, and with a crash a body falls over me into the shell-hole, slips down, and lies across me——

I do not think at all, I make no decision— I strike madly home, and feel only how the body suddenly convulses, then becomes limp, and collapses. When I recover myself, my hand is sticky and wet.

The man gurgles. It sounds to me as though he bellows, every gasping breath is like a cry, a thunder—but it is only my heart pounding. I want to stop his mouth, stuff it with earth, stab him again, he must be quiet, he is betraying me; now at last I regain control of myself, but have become so feeble that I cannot any more lift my hand against him.

So I crawl away to the farthest corner and stay there, my eyes glued on him, my hand grasping the knife—ready, if he stirs, to spring at him again. But he won't do so any more, I can hear that already in his gurgling.

I can see him indistinctly. I have but one desire, to get away. If it is not soon it will be too light; it will be difficult enough now. Then as I try to raise up my head I see it is impossible already. The machine-gun fire so sweeps the ground that I would be shot through and through before I could make one jump.

I test it once with my helmet, which I take off and hold up to find out the level of the shots. The next moment it is knocked out of my hand by a bullet. The fire is sweeping very low over the ground. I am not far enough from the enemy line to escape being picked off by one of the snipers if I attempt to get away. . . .

It is early morning, clear and gray. The gurgling continues. I stop my ears, but soon take my fingers away again, because then I cannot hear the other sound.

The figure opposite me moves. I shrink together and involuntarily look at it. Then my eyes remain glued to it. A man with a small pointed beard lies there, his head is fallen to one side, one arm is half-bent, his head rests helplessly upon it. The other hand lies on his chest, it is bloody.

He is dead, I say to myself, he must be dead, he doesn't feel anything any more; it is only the body that is gurgling there. Then the head tries to raise itself, for a moment the groaning becomes louder, his forehead sinks back upon his arm. The man is not dead, he is dying, but he is not dead. I drag myself toward him, hesitate, support myself on my hands, creep a bit farther, wait, again a terrible journey of three yards, a long, a terrible journey. At last I am beside him.

Then he opens his eyes. He must have heard me and gazes at me with a look of utter terror. The body lies still, but in the eyes there is such an extraordinary expression of flight that for a moment I think they have power enough to carry the body off with them. Hundreds of miles away with one bound. The body is still, perfectly still, without sound, the gurgle has ceased, but the eyes cry out, yell, all the life is gathered together in them for one tremendous effort to flee, gathered together there in a dreadful terror of death, of me.

My legs give way and I drop on my elbows. "No, no," I whisper.

The eyes follow me. I am powerless to move so long as they are there.

Then his hand slips slowly from his breast, only a little bit, it sinks just a few inches, but this movement breaks the power of the eyes. I bend forward, shake my head and whisper: "No, no, no." I raise one hand, I must show him that I want to help him, I stroke his forehead.

The eyes shrink back as the hand comes, then they lose their stare, the eyelids droop lower, the tension is past. I open his collar and place his head more comfortably upright.

His mouth stands half open, it tries to form words. The lips are dry. My water bottle is not there. I have not brought it with me. But there is water in the mud, down at the bottom of the crater. I climb down, take out my handkerchief, spread it out, push it under and scoop up the yellow water that strains through into the hollow of my hand.

He gulps it down. I fetch some more. Then I unbutton his tunic in order to bandage him if it is possible. In any case I must do it, so that if the fellows over there capture me they will see that I wanted to help him, and so will not shoot me. He tries to resist, but his hand is too feeble. The shirt is stuck and will not come away, it is buttoned at the back. So there is nothing for it but to cut it off.

I look for the knife and find it again. But when I begin to cut the shirt the eyes open once more and the cry is in them again and the demented expression, so that I must close them, press them shut and whisper: "I want to help you, Comrade, camerade, camerade, camerade—" eagerly repeating the word, to make him understand.

There are three stabs. My field dressing covers them, the blood runs out under it, I press it tighter; there; he groans.

That is all I can do. Now we must wait, wait.

"It is better," says Müller, one of the companions, "that the war is here instead of in Germany. Just you take a look at the shell-holes."

"True," assents Tjaden, "but no war at all would be better still."

"The best thing," growls Albert, "is not to talk about the rotten business."

Yet these men are veterans, immensely proud of their skill in escaping death (the chief technique of the modern soldier), and their competence in the methods of long-distance slaughter. They are more alive, more human, more humane perhaps, than the patriots there at home. But it is a "rotten business!"

* * *

Another book which has had great acclaim in the Spanish-reading countries throws a flood of light on what these last narratives of the Great War are trying to tell us. It is called "Los de Abajo," by Mariano Azuela, a Mexican, and is shortly to be published in English by Brentano, with the title, "The Under Dogs." This is a story of the soldier while he was still all soldier and only half a fully developed, civilized man. It is the tough and vivid narrative of a Mexican guerrilla band in the time of Carranza and Villa, men part Indian, bred for war and looting, poor, miserable under dogs at home, brutal, courageous, stupid, happy on the warpath. They are fighting, so the intellectuals from the capital tell them, for liberty. What do they care, so long as they are fighting? Demetrio is the leader, fearless and cheerful, hungry for loot, hungrier still for excitement and adventure, only now and then remembering his wife at home. His followers cut throats or scratch their fleas in the sun. There is War Paint, the gorgeous prostitute who rides her horse to table, old homes wrecked and burnt, civilians shot like frightened alley cats, fire, rape, treasure, ambushes, hangings, drunken violence leaving devastation behind it. The under dogs are majors, generals, liberators, but these are only words—

"It means," Natera said, "that the Convention won't recognize Carranza. . . . Do you understand me, General?"

Demetrio nodded assent.

"It seems to me that the meat of the matter is that we've got to go on fighting, eh? All right! Let's get to it! I'm game to the end, you know."

"Good, but on what side?"

Demetrio, nonplussed, scratched his head:

"Look here, don't ask me any more questions. I never went to school you know. . . . You gave me the eagle I wear on my hat, didn't you? All right then; you just tell me: Demetrio, do this or do that, and that's all there is to it."

* * *

This is comprehensible war for a real soldier: plenty of horses, plenty of women who stab each other but love easily, loot to take home to the wife and children, an existence that is also a business far better than the life of an under dog, a business that satisfies the instincts of barbarous man. And death when it comes, comes quickly, with no imagination to keep it hovering over you beforehand, and no future, if you escape it, as good as the gaudy present. Here in revolutionary Mexico is the last good war!

And as one reads this brutal, vivid story, which is contemporary, and yet belongs to the Crusades, to the Mongol invasions, to the Roman Conquests, what the new war books are telling begins to be clear: the change is not in war, which science has made more terrible but not more incorrigible than before, but with the soldier it calls forth now in the place of the Mexican Demetrio. He is no longer inflamed by greed for gold watches and easy women, for he has not been starved and suppressed at home. His humanitarianism inhibits the joy of killing, his developed imagination makes danger more menacing, the loot (which he seldom gets now) and the freedom to be cruel and lustful are not worth the price of modern, machine-like war, while the ideals of national glory, once he is in the trenches, are as meaningless to him as to Demetrio. A creature of great adaptiveness, man has nevertheless become unadapted to war at the moment when war has become impersonal, a thing of gas and steel with machines and projectiles not men for enemies, and requires for its successful prosecution almost the unconsciousness of mechanism. The dog turned wolf again becomes a cur yapping in packs from the trenches. Machines do the fighting.

And the "gloire," the greed, the vanity, the sense of predatory might, which sent the real soldier to war, these have become delusions of economics and politics, have been translated into territories, mineral resources, trade, and national ideals, and become the property, not of the soldier, but of the very civilizations which have humanized him. They are most violent where war is most distant. They inflate the civilian imagination, but to the fighter they are

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nothing. At the most he retains duty and love of country and loyalty, which he dimly feels are being exploited while he lives ignobly or is blown to pieces in a ditch.

I am trying to make clear that the moral of these two contrasting books is that the modern soldier suffers a sea change in fighting which makes him different from the civilization that begets him. It has kept the will to war for gain: he has lost the capacity to enjoy a fight which chemistry and the machine tool has spoiled as a sport. War has become a business, and he does not like the business.

We used to debate whether war was a biological necessity or a biological accident. Such abstract discussions seem futile as one reads these books. The problem is modern man on the one hand and the nature of war on the other. If they are essentially incompatible, as Remarque seems to say, then there is a maladjustment between the elements in civilization which cause war and the men who have to fight it. And since, in the next war, the organizers, the profiteers, the politicians, and the civilian population are sure to suffer almost as heavily as the shock troops, and only generals and their staffs are likely to occupy positions of relative safety, we may discover by disaster the truth which these wrecked men, puzzled and ill at ease, have put in stories of valor and misery and mental confusion.

Small Boy All Boy

SKIPPY. By PERCY CROSBY. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1929. $2.

Reviewed by WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

WE have long followed Skippy in Crosby's "strips" and in the pictures he has done in the past for *Life*. From the first it was evident that Skippy was a cut above the average "comic." Though entirely preserving his own fascinating identity, a younger brother of Tom Sawyer began to emerge,—that is to say, a real boy, the peculiar mixture of sagacity, nonsense, nonchalance, melodrama, and burlesque that the Skippys of the world really are. And how accurately Crosby's swift pencil jotted him down! This wasn't mere cartooning or comic drawing, this was living draughtsmanship of inimitable and imperishable youth.

It was swiftly evident that the letterpress the artist furnished to accompany his glimpses of Skippy in weal or woe had just as much the touch of original genius as did the deftness of his pictures. Take merely that permanent title for one of his series, "Always Belittlin'," and the truth of what we say must be evident.

And now there is a novel all about Skippy, by one who was once the leader of the "Liberty Boys" out on Long Island, where he stored up his memories of the original Skippy. He has made a great stride indeed, has Crosby, since his war book, "The Rookie of the 13th Squad," composed of the comic strips he did for the American newspapers at the Front. This is a far more enduring contribution to the art of his period as well as to the literature. For the artlessness of Skippy is the most difficult art, brought off with casualness that amazes. And you can pick the book up anywhere and become highly amused. This is, in verity, the good old mediæval life we all knew when we were only as high as Skippy.

Corey Ford has praised Crosby's dialogue. He is right. Hecky, putting forward his arguments to induce Skippy to let him play second base, and Skippy's rejoinders, constitute perfection in idiom. The conversation among the boys of the gang is, in fact, one of the most delicious ingredients of the book. Over and above that, the book is a strangely original comment on the course of "progress" in America, in which Real Estate Development under Mr. Prince plays the villain and True Philosophy is represented by Jim Lovering the milkman. There is also the case of Sooky, which not merely adorns the tale. No death of a small-boy friend can ever, to my mind, be as tragic as was the loss of Binney Wallace in Thomas Bailey Aldrich's "The Story of a Bad Boy," but Chapter XXV, concerning Mrs. Wayne, in Crosby's book, is as moving a piece of writing as I have read for many a long day. In outlining the tragedy of Sooky and Skippy's reaction to it, the author displays a depth of sympathy that is impressive, just as in describing the hullabaloo of the gang over the baseball "uneeforms" he misses no bit of the byplay.

I presume I should be more critical of "Skippy." I cannot. It is that kind of volume. I do not say it is perfectly constructed. I do say it cages a quicksilver character more living and actual to me than any I have read about for some time. Being a small boy is a serious and important affair. With deeper emotions than a man's, in most instances, that manlier breast is stirred; albeit also with guile as ingrained, though differing in degree. And after a campaign of some seriousness to persuade his father to part with a half dollar the spectacle of Skippy going upstairs to bed convulsed by his own imitation of a bandy-legged man is an intimation of the riches of humor the book contains. Mr. Crosby knows his human nature thoroughly, most of all the human nature of the immature male. Ray suggests that they give Hecky the slip " 'n' go in the barn." "That's sneaky 'n' besides it'd only hurt his feelings," says Skippy. "No, I tell you. I'll go over 'n' paste him in the nose 'n' he'll leave by himself."

RING LARDNER

The American Moron

ROUND UP. By RING LARDNER. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1929. $2.50.

Reviewed by ALLAN NEVINS

THERE is little need to add to the list of encomiums of Mr. Ring Lardner. The circumstances of his emergence were such as to ensure him an enthusiastic greeting. That a newspaper humorist, a comic-strip designer, a baseball writer, should rise to the heights of art and do it without turning a cold shoulder to the *Saturday Evening Post* public, seemed to many critics a delightful demonstration. It was better than O. Henry coming out of prison and using the Sunday *World* to become a major figure in the history of the American short story; nearly as good as Mark Twain rising from the ranks of the cheap funny men to eminence. Literature is after all an Antæus; we feel that it has to renew itself by touching the earth at frequent intervals. Ring Lardner has rightly been hailed as one of the most interesting of its recent points of contact with earthy characters, with vulgar types and ideas and emotions, with forces and changes which seem too dully commonplace for letters till a really discerning writer shows that they may hold the very stuff of literary art.

But one word of appreciation is after all necessary. This volume contains a number of new stories by Mr. Lardner intermingled with the best of those previously published. We have thirty-five stories or sketches in all, dealing with as heterogeneous, typical, and interesting a mass of present-day Americans as could be found in a section of the bleachers at a ball game—mechanics, suburban clerks, automobile salesmen, flirtatious girls, bewildered old people, a prize fighter, some golf caddies, a sprinkling of professional men and their wives. Not one of the stories is dull. They are all entertaining, as O. Henry is entertaining. They are for the most part clever. Now and again some of them achieve effects deeper and more permanent than entertainment or cleverness. "The Golden Honeymoon," a story of two aged people at once very funny and very pathetic, handles the humor and pathos with a superb restraint and truth. "Champion" is a cool study of human baseness which leaves the reader hot. "The Love Nest" is sweeping yet artful satire. These stories are literature of no ordinary value.

Yet any appreciation of Mr. Lardner should be tempered with criticism of his defects and above all of his limitations—more seriously tempered than has been the fashion. No form of literary reputation is more treacherous than the reputation of a short story writer. The short story, more than any other form, relies upon the immediate effect; it is likely to captivate and intoxicate the reader for a time; but as the years pass the tales of the O. Henrys, Richard Harding Davises, and Jack Londons which seemed so brilliant lose much of their lustre. Ring Lardner has made an extremely able beginning, but it is well to recognize that as yet it is little more than a beginning. A part of this chosen volume is substantial and durable literature, but the greater part is simply entertainment, and its champagne qualities will be growing flat twenty years from now. The bushers who exchange witticisms on the bench, the suburbanites who expose their prosaic minds over the bridge-tables, will not be so arresting; the technical dexterity of "Mr. and Mrs. Fix-It," which describes a meddling bore, or of "The Facts," in which a young man fed up with his fiancée's family tells just how the engagement was broken, will lose part of its spell. Only the stories which have deeper qualities will endure.

The elements in Ring Lardner's work are not complex or numerous. He is first of all an astonishingly good reporter. Part of what does not survive in his work as art will survive for the vividness and essential truth with which it brings before us the urban and suburban folk of today. He knows their half-empty chatter; he knows how they write letters; far more important, he knows the working of their minds. Sometimes he overdoes their inanity and ignorance, and sometimes, as in his baseball stories, he goes to the other extreme and overdoes what his people would call the snappy come-back, the wise-crack. But in general he hits his drummers, his husband-hunting girls, his baseball and theatrical managers, off to the life. What could be more natural than Mabelle writing from Chicago to the half-stranger in New York for whom she is angling, and to whom she is posing as the good home-girl?

> Seriously I had much rather sit here and write letters or read or just sit and dream than go out to some crazy old picture show except once in a while I do lik the theatre and see a good play especially a musi the music is catchy. But as a rule I am conten stay home and feel cozy and lots of evenings Edi here without saying hardly a word to each oth she would love to talk but she knows I had rather be quiet and she often says it is just like living with a deaf and dumb mute to live with me because I make so little noise around the apartment. I guess I was born to be a home body so I seldom care to go "gadding."

Mr. Lardner might be a good reporter, with a shrewdly perceptive mind, without being a satirist; but satire is the pervading note of this whole collection. If not precisely an urbane satire, it is nearly always kindly. There is nothing sardonic, mordant, or superior about it. It is the satire of a man who takes it for granted that most human beings are rather little, limited, and dull, and a good many are mean-souled, without particularly caring about it; who strips without condemning; and who is sometimes quite Olympian in his detachment. When he goes deepest, you find that his note is rather amused pity than scornful amusement. Take one of the finest of the satirical pieces, "The Golden Honeymoon," in which Father tells how he and Mother celebrated fifty years of marriage with a trip to Florida. His sentimental flights run thus:

> This was the twelfth day of January. Mother set facing the front of the train, as it makes her giddy to ride backwards. I set facing her, which does not affect me. We reached North Philadelphia at 4:03 p. m., and we reached West Philadelphia at 4:14, but did not go into Broad Street. We reached Baltimore at 6:30 and Washington, D. C., at 7:25. Our train laid over in Washington two hours till another train came along to pick us up and I got out and strolled up the platform and into the Union Station. When I come back, our car had been switched on to another track, but I remembered the name of it, the La Belle, as I had once visited my aunt out in Oconomowoc, Wis., where there was a lake of that name, so I had no difficulty in getting located. But Mother had nearly fretted herself sick for fear I would be left.
>
> "Well, I said I would have followed you on the next train."

His preoccupation is the commonplace, and he shows how amusing yet pathetic the commonplace person is in his petty hopes, his vanities, his harmless hypocrisies, the contrast between his pretenses and his actual character. One lays down the book with the feeling that this is a thoroughly merciless exposure of the American moron, the semi-educated product of our superficial urban civilization. Yet we recur to

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these members of the Toledo ball-club, these Seattle realty men, these Westchester commuters, with the feeling that they are not so unlikable after all.

But beyond skill in reporting, thorough knowledge of the ordinary American and his mind, and a satirical talent which gives the slightest of his sketches an edge, Mr. Lardner's endowments are not remarkable. He does not touch the tender stops of various quills—not as yet. We fail to find in him that richer comprehension of life, that intensity of feeling, which we find not merely in a very great short story writer like Kipling, but in the short stories of Mary E. Wilkins or Hamlin Garland. His ability to observe and expose is remarkable. The ability to identify himself with his characters, to present their strongest emotions, to show how even the moron has his relations with heaven and hell, to touch on the deeper chords of life, love, and death—this ability he lacks. There is no story here which leaves the reader in a mood of exultation, or which for a moment wrings his feelings, or which has a poignant artistry. We are glad to do honor to Mr. Lardner's sterling merits. But till he steps beyond the bounds of some of his limitations he should not be greeted, as he has been in various circles, as a great literary master.

On An Island

NO LOVE. By DAVID GARNETT. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1929. $2.50.

Reviewed by ROBERT NATHAN

IF this were a first novel, one would certainly say Ah, and Oh, and This is full of promise. But it is not a first novel: it is the mature work of David Garnett, who wrote "Lady Into Fox"; in which connection I am urged to quote what Mr. Alfred Knopf, the publisher, has to say: ". . . 'Lady Into Fox' made its momentous appearance. Almost immediately, and in spite of being a slight and unprecedented fantasy, it became a best seller and the literary sensation of the year. It was soon succeeded by such a host of imitative works by various writers that David Garnett is generally conceded to have inaugurated a school. He himself followed his first success by three short books of an approximate sort and now, with the writing of 'No Love,' a full-length novel of modern life, he turns into a second and even more promising phase."

Alas for the father, who must snub his Esau for the sake of his Jacob. "An even more promising phase"? Heaven forbid.

Mr. Garnett has written a good, medium-dull novel. He tells the story of two families, neighbors on an English island, one an admiral, the other, if one might say so, a gentleman-farmer, but both of them just a touch prankish; their sons, Simon and Benedict; their wives—what we see of them; and Simon's wife, Cynthia. The boys grow up together, drift apart; and finally fall out over Cynthia. So much for the plot.

But nothing, somehow, really seems to happen—in the sense that I, as reader, care whether it happens or not. The old poignant Garnett is strangely missing from these pages in which Mr. Knopf has found an even more promising phase of his art. Not once does the heart ache, not once do the eyes light up with amusement. There are good bits here and there—the whole chapter on farming lifts itself out of the book with sound and scent and weary feeling. But that is only one chapter; and toward the end.

In style, in manner, too, the man seems to me to have changed; but not for the better. The long sentences with their commas where other writers would employ the period, suggest the influence of Elinor Wylie, but lack her clear and startling beauty. I submit that the use of "though," "nevertheless," "indeed," and "so that," to glue sentences together, is careless writing. The style seems to me at times almost like that of a book written for children—something I notice, too, in the way the author leaps with seven-league boots over the need of explanation and understanding:

> And yet the whole family was a united one and bound together by its own special habits, by its untidiness, by its acceptance of certain values; and this unity was always present in their relations with the Kelties.

(Neither the habits nor the values have been set out before us.)

> Thinking of her marriage with Simon, she felt terribly unhappy, and soon burst into tears.

(That is all Mr. Garnett has to say; that single sentence must carry, at that point, all Cynthia's grief and disillusion.)

The distillation of many subtle, contradictory, and difficult feelings into a single sentence, or paragraph, is the writer's art. But the craft demands not merely a swift passing-over, a hurried summing up; it demands such careful choice of the detail of feelings as actually to simplify. In this book, unlike his earlier works, Mr. Garnett does not simplify; he skeletonizes. It is not the same thing at all.

And in another sense it strikes me as a child's book, in that the characters never depart from a distinct childishness, so engaging in Mr. Garnett's early fantasies, but disastrous here. They never seem adult, no matter how old they grow to be; yet on the other hand they lack the touching childishness of the characters in T. F. Powys, or Coppard, or even the early Garnett. They seem to me merely stupid, and a little queer. The things they say and think are almost always uninteresting. They reveal next to nothing.

Post-Restoration Drama

BRITISH PLAYS FROM THE RESTORATION TO 1820. Edited by MONTROSE J. MOSES. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. 1929. 2 vols. $12.50.

THE PLAYS AND POEMS OF RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN. Edited by R. CROMPTON RHODES. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1929. 3 vols. $25.

Reviewed by GEORGE H. NETTLETON
Yale University

THE rapid recent output of historical and critical studies of English drama of the Restoration and eighteenth century has enforced the need of scholarly texts of the plays themselves. "Select collections" of British drama from the mid-eighteenth century onward, past Bell, Scott, Mrs. Inchbald, and their followers, now retain little save antiquarian interest. Of modern critically edited collections, such as those of the Tuppers and D. H. Stevens, which cover alike the period from the Restoration to Sheridan, there are all too few. The two works under present notice are especially welcome—for one includes almost a score of representative British dramas from "The Rehearsal" to "The Cenci," and the other is a variorum edition of all Sheridan's plays and poems.

In two attractive and admirably illustrated volumes, Mr. Montrose J. Moses has covered the range of the century and a half of British drama preceding his familiar collection of "Representative British Dramas: Victorian and Modern." Restoration "heroic drama" is represented only indirectly through Buckingham's burlesque, and Dryden by his tragi-comedy, "The Spanish Fryar," rather than by "All for Love." For Restoration comedy Mr. Moses turns to Leigh Hunt's accepted four—Wycherley, Congreve, Vanbrugh, and Farquhar—and their predecessor, Etherege, whom Gosse may be said to have added to the canon. For Restoration tragedy he gives only Otway's "Venice Preserv'd." His eighteenth-century plays, apart from "The Beaux' Stratagem," are Cibber's "Careless Husband" and Steele's "Conscious Lovers"; Rowe's "Jane Shore" and Home's "Douglas" for tragedies; "The Beggar's Opera," "She Stoops to Conquer," and "The School for Scandal," inevitably; and for freer choice, Cumberland's "Fashionable Lover" and the elder Colman and Garrick's "Clandestine Marriage." The general reader will doubtless not take amiss this marked preponderance of comedy. The student of the historical development of English drama would, however, have welcomed a classical tragedy such as "Cato" and a prose bourgeois tragedy such as Lillo's "London Merchant" or Edward Moore's "Gamester," and perhaps some play of the younger Colman or Holcroft to bridge the gap of over forty years which the editor leaves between "The School for Scandal" and "The Cenci." All told, Mr. Moses affords a generous selection of plays, though he admits no such even contention between the rival Muses of Comedy and Tragedy as Sir Joshua Reynolds suggests in his picture of Garrick.

As editor, Mr. Moses gives in his introductions to the various plays and in his bibliographies ample historical and critical background for the general reader and much that definitely serves even the specialist. Despite his genial digs at the "intricate meanderings afield" of minute scholarship and at the difficulties of restoring order after every stone in the field is upturned, the editor has shown painstaking industry in investigation as well as intelligence in the arrangement of his materials. Occasional slips are inevitable—such as the delightful confusion of clerics and chronology in the preface's reference to "the onslaught of Jeremy Taylor (*sic*) upon the dramas of Congreve and Wycherley"—but even Jeremy Collier is later sufficiently vindicated in the account of the "Dramatists of the Comedy of Manners." With the rapid growth of university and college courses which comprehend the once neglected periods between Elizabethan and contemporary drama, this present work of Mr. Moses is assured a hearty academic welcome, though its service and appeal will not be confined to the college campus.

For some years past the frequent articles which Mr. R. Crompton Rhodes has contributed to *The Times Literary Supplement* and to other British journals have stimulated scholarly interest in the many problems that concern the texts of Sheridan's plays. These "interim reports," to take the author's own term for them, prove now but prologues to an impressive three-volume variorum edition of Sheridan's entire dramatic and poetic work. With the present assembling of many poems not previously reprinted, Sheridan's verse now assumes not inconsiderable proportions, reaching together with Mr. Rhodes's critical commentary and annotations well nigh two hundred pages of his third volume. The songs, prologues, and epilogues of the plays included in the earlier volumes would add appreciably to the main body of poetic work. Some of Sheridan's early verse that reflects the background of Bath society is remembered for its hints of the atmosphere of "The Rivals," the Monody on the Death of Garrick largely for its memorable occasion, a few of the songs, such as those in "The Duenna," for their lighter lyric touch, and "A Portrait" for its connection with "The School for Scandal." But the "Fugitive Verse" has challenged few pursuers, and even Mr. Rhodes for once feels his valor oozing out as it were at the palms of his hands, at the very thought of annotation of the "Political Pasquinades." Though Sheridan's verse retains comparatively little independent distinction, its inevitable bearings on his major work as dramatist fully justify the editor's comprehensive and detailed study.

Among the most helpful contributions which Mr. Rhodes has made to scholarly investigation of Sheridan's plays is the bibliographical. Anderson's bibliography was essentially limited to the British Museum collections, and Sichel's more extensive work has in turn needed considerable additions and corrections. For early editions both of the collected and of the separate plays Mr. Rhodes has now supplied much fuller and more precise data. The exclusion of collected editions after the Greenock edition of 1828 and even closer chronological limitation in the case of some of the separate plays still leave much bibliographical area incompletely covered, but Mr. Rhodes includes most that immediately concern actual textual study of the plays. Biographical and critical study of Sheridan, however, would be greatly aided by a bibliography including not merely the numerous annotated editions of collected and separate plays during the past century, but, to use the generous phrase, the "literature of the subject." The critical conclusions which Mr. Rhodes draws from his textual material seem at times debatable. To take a single instance, his suggested ascription of "The Camp" to Sheridan and John Burgoyne rejects Moore's assertion of Richard Tickell's authorship and the prevalent consensus of scholarly judgment. Whatever differences of opinion Mr. Rhodes's detailed findings may thus sometimes encounter, his work remains in its entirety the one comprehensive critical edition of the whole body of Sheridan's dramatic and poetic work. It will be essential for every subsequent study of Sheridan.

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The Faults of William II

THE HOHENZOLLERNS. By HERBERT EULENBERG. Translated by M. M. BOZMAN. New York: The Century Company. 1929. $3.

Reviewed by JOHN M. S. ALLISON
Yale University

IN April, 1417, the first Hohenzollern was invested with the mark of Brandenburg. In November, 1918, the last Hohenzollern to rule an enlarged Brandenburg gave up his domain. It is an old saying and one almost entirely true that, from the time when Frederick I, Elector, set foot in Brandenburg, almost every succeeding elector of that house added, at least, a bit of territory to the family lands. In his book entitled "The Hohenzollerns" Herr Eulenberg covers the five hundred years in the history of this remarkable family. He is not much concerned with wars, politics, economics, and their generally bad diplomacy. His book, he declares, is rather a series of studies in the personalities of the various heads of the House that first made the conquest of Germany, and then, say some, attempted the conquest of the world.

Herr Eulenberg is a great traveler, a good writer, and a successful playwright. He is also a liberal, and, of that fact he warns his readers in the Preface. He is not one of those trusting souls who believe that purely objective history can be written. Then, with a brisk turn, he announces that he has composed this book in order to arouse in his readers a desire to pursue the subject further. Certainly, if all the others who have treated this subject had had as delightful a style as Herr Eulenberg, it would be a pleasant task. It is rare, indeed, that one finds a book so easy and so readable. But that is just the trouble; a biographer who is a playwright uses a dangerous pen. His word pictures are so convincing, and each episode is so clear and so apt an illustration of character, one is tempted to ask if, as often in the play, the character has not been determined and then the incidents selected and written in to fit the character. There is the dangerous possibility of important omissions.

* * *

In the opinion of the reviewer, this book is more than it purports to be. It is not simply a study of the characters of the various antecedents of the present Hohenzollerns. It is much more a study of the weaknesses of William II and where he got them. Quite by accident, the reviewer read this book backwards: a few striking remarks about the Crown Prince caught his eye as he was cutting the pages. It was not his intention to continue the process from the last to the first chapter, but, once begun, it had a fascination and a point. It appeared that the study was obviously one from effect to cause. To reassure himself, the book was read a second time, in the more usual order, with the astonishing result that the conviction grew—the genesis and development of the weaknesses of William II from Frederick I, the First Elector, to the last Hohenzollern, who wore the crown. And, in the course of five centuries certain faults appeared that became characteristic of most of the ancestors of William II. The first was a love *of* land but no love *for* the land and its people. Another weakness was a tendency to confuse oneself and one's own plans with those of the Almighty. The third characteristic was an odd and almost unbroken sequence of enmities and misunderstandings between each head of the House and his respective heir. These three vicious tendencies appear, in the book, to have been almost steadily transmitted down to the time of the ill-starred William II of the twentieth century, and these, says the book, were the principal causes of his failure. There were others, also, that the author includes, and prominent among these was the fact that not all Hohenzollerns were real fighters. Many were bluffers. This, Herr Eulenberg believes, was the case of William II who "toyed so long with the idea of a great conflict that he actually slithered into it."

* * *

One is forced to ask if, in this volume, William's ancestors may not have been dressed up a bit to fit William. And, for the ex-Kaiser himself, is it entirely fair to stress only the faults and failings? In spite of the Bismarck episode that looms so large in the mind of Herr Eulenberg, were there not some good things for which William II was responsible?

Apparently, however, the vicious chain of inherited characteristics has been broken in the case of the ex-Kaiser's son. The next to last chapter is entitled William III. It is an interesting study of the Crown Prince, his conversion to peace, disgust with war, and his attitude of *laissez-faire* when his father failed to obtain the consent of the High Command to his son's accession. It is highly interesting and rather perplexing to find a liberal so friendly to the heir of the late German Empire.

Authors of Modernism

THREE REFORMERS: LUTHER—DESCARTES—ROUSSEAU. By JACQUES MARITAIN. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1929. $2.50.

Reviewed by M. M. KNAPPEN
New York University

FOR the past fifteen years M. Maritain, a French Catholic of the Ultramontane party, has been endeavoring to confound all such as serve not Rome. He has done battle with thinkers who erred in their views of the temporal power of the Pope, and with others who championed an unorthodox philosophy of art. But his particular *bête noir* has been modernism. "Mankind would seem henceforth to be torn between two extremes, the flesh and the spirit, in the Pauline sense—a subhuman pure materialism and a supra-human divine life—this conflict seems characteristic of the period which humanity is entering. If we would not perish it is necessary that the reason submit itself to God who is a spirit and to all the spiritual order instituted by Him." In his earlier writings M. Maritain threw up a counter work against contemporary modernistic thought as represented by Bergson, and consolidated his position with some rather formidable systematic treatises. The present work, published originally in Paris in 1925, was designed to complete the investment, or at least to extend the besieging lines by an occupation of the historical front. Luther, Descartes, and Rousseau are accordingly treated not so much as historical personalities—men whose lives, characters, and thoughts are to be portrayed for their own sake—but as the intellectual authors of that modernism which now menaces the true faith.

The general theme of each essay is that the thinker under consideration attributed too much importance to man, considering the human intellect as an independent thing, rather than as, "according to St. Thomas's teaching—the last of the spirits—a transitional form between the corporeal world and the spiritual world" above which "crowded like sea sand rise in countless multitude the pure spirits in their hierarchies." Against this background the author, following Denifle, portrays Luther as a comparatively simple character, the fallen monk, sunk in sin, justifying his wrongdoing by overemphasizing the importance of man as against God, and of the will as opposed to the intelligence. Descartes's thought is rather delightfully characterized as erring in attributing to man the power of direct intuition which in fact belonged only to the angels. While Luther is called a "corrupt Christian" of "vicious disposition" "who gathers sensuality everywhere," and Descartes is by no means praised, it is "poor Jean-Jacques" who gets really the worst of it. Although having an intellect "not physically qualified for philosophy—he would philosophize"; and so he proved "in reality a thousand times worse than Voltaire because he provided man no longer with a mere negation but with a religion outside the indivisible truth." "Only in the church is Christianity a living thing." To Rousseau "we owe that corpse of Christian ideas whose putrefaction poisons the universe today." The social contract theory is also treated as an example of the Genevan's tendency to disregard the fact of man's absolute dependence on God.

* * *

Though there is a somewhat elaborate critical apparatus with notes occupying nearly a third of the book, the historian will find practically nothing in the work of interest to him. The philosopher, on the other hand, may be stimulated in several ways. There is no thinker who cannot profit at least occasionally by association with those who disagree *toto coelo* with his confident stand on principles the validity of which he tends to regard as a closed question. The realization that there are yet many who consider the attainments of the human spirit in the last four centuries as both negative and harmful should remind him that there is yet need not only for the tolerant attitude, but for more reformers than three. Is there any way to lead on to better things one who assumes a body of truth as correct before considering alternatives? One would like to venture the suggestion that when the human mind makes the original decision to subordinate itself to God and the Church it is at that time acting as independently as a modernist spirit. But the existence of such an independence is, of course, contrary to the Catholic doctrine of grace, and one fears to rush in too confidently upon anyone who possesses so minute a knowledge of the ways of the angels.

While the merits of the argument will be variously estimated, and the general tone cannot but make the judicious grieve, the book contains much fine writing, especially in the matter of some striking figures of speech which both illuminate and adorn the discussions. The unnamed translator has followed the original very faithfully. There are six good plates, four of Luther, and one each of the two others.

Thalassius Again

(*Continued from page* 1087)

"La Jeunesse de Swinburne," a book for specialists, deals with the poet's first thirty years. Volume I is biographical, enlarging upon certain aspects of Swinburne's early career. The second volume shows him in the workshop, chameleon-like creator of *pastiche*, his astonishing assimilative genius busying itself with the imitation of Morris and Rossetti, Boccaccio, the popular ballads, and the Elizabethans, with the translation of Villon, and the study of Dante and Shelley. In his youth he attained that mastery of Biblical diction which added majesty to his cadences and brought the cry of blasphemy to Victorian lips. M. Lafourcade traces the evolution of Swinburne's esthetic, political, and religious ideas, and discusses the sources and prosody of "Poems and Ballads." He makes use of a large number of unpublished writings and letters. Not the least interesting of his discoveries is a play full of the violence natural to a thirteen-year-old adorer of Tourneur. One regrets to find so erudite a work marred by scores of misprints.

* * *

In his "Swinburne" Mr. Chew does not to rival the brilliant portraiture of Gosse' pensable "Life" and adds little to our store graphical information; but his consideration poet's *milieu* is noteworthy, and he is frank about such matters as Swinburne's intemperance. Since he sees fit to mention the Menken-Rossetti wager, his silence about the reported failure to seduce the author of "Atalanta" seems strange. As Mr. Chew doubtless knows, Swinburne emphatically denied the existence of the more intimate relationship suggested by the ambiguous phrase "friend and mistress." The already formidable proportions of the Swinburne legend demand the utmost caution.

On the critical side the book sustains comparison with the best of its predecessors, such as Nicolson's monograph and Welby's second study, and in many respects surpasses them. It is well articulated, firm in its handling of fact, fresh in the treatment of familiar themes. One of the ablest chapters, "The Risorgimento and the Ideal Republic," is unexcelled for its lucid exposition of the "Hertha" group of lyrics. The discussions of the Arthurian poems and the dramas are admirable combinations of scholarly approach and sound critical perspective. "The Noble Pleasure of Praising" carefully reviews Swinburne's criticism, often unjustly neglected, but perhaps pays too little attention to his mastery of invective. Should "Under the Microscope" have been relegated to a footnote?

* * *

Both Mr. Chew and M. Lafourcade forge new weapons for attacking the traditional charges against Swinburne, poverty of thought and remoteness from human interests. Doubtless each would admit the besetting sins of verbosity and want of outline in much of the poet's later work. One may agree with Mr. Chew in regard to the philosophic significance of "Songs before Sunrise" and still dissent from a somewhat too austere attitude towards "Poems and Ballads." However distasteful a certain sensationalism, are not the wealth of melody and the tremendous sweep of imagination worth much metaphysical subtlety? "The wind-blown hair of comets," "the fire of sunset on western waters," "the lost white, feverish limbs of the Lesbian Sappho afloat"—the power to make the very elements of nature symbols of the expansion of the spirit, of freedom or of fate, is surely not the least of Swinburne's glories. Despite his limitations does he not remain the greatest English lyrist?

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The Bowling Green

The Caliph

THERE will not be many who will identify him under that private name of affection; he would prefer it so. But those of us who think of him always as The Caliph may be allowed to say a word here, especially here in this magazine of which he was one of the earliest supporters; whose pages he read so patiently and shrewdly week by week, making the deductions that wise men of affairs will always subtract from the too glib generalities of journalism.

It would be important if I could give you some notion of his rich human goodness; the only guidance that I can find for myself, in trying to tell of him, is that it must not be done sadly. He who enjoyed life so richly, and enriched it for many others, who was at 65 still so boyish at heart, would surely understand our desire to think of the greatness of his contribution to living rather than of our own loss. Of our loss we think perforce, being human and selfish. His going seems in some queer way to weaken the whole mortal system that we know. There are always a few men who stand up like the great rock of the fine old saying. We find ease in their shadow. Such was our Caliph. When was there a more helpful adviser in any perplexity? I remember one time when I needed his counsel and needed it quickly. How marvellous it was, after some apprehensive waiting on the Long Distance wire, to hear that slow kind voice. Just to know that he was there re-established the whole decency of life. So often, by Long Distance or by cable, we asked him questions; always the answer came. So it seems and long will seem incredible that our Caliph is gone where even the longest Long Distance will not reach him. I prefer to think that he is closer now than ever, for now we carry him entirely in our own hearts.

To make you think rightly of the Caliph I must make you think of a man who was in an extraordinary union the man of power and the man of gentleness. To all who loved him the exquisite balance of his faculties must have been a perpetual delight. He was a man of large affairs and has left great buildings as a monument, but in all his active career he was artist to the core. He was artist and connoisseur not as so many men of affairs are, by vicar and by delegate; he was artist by his own rare intuition. Beauty and harmony and taste, words casually uttered by the smatterer, were not words to him. They were part of his integrity. Whether it was choosing a rug or a necktie, an etching or a vintage, a briar pipe or a skyline for a building, his genius was—I was going to say unerring, but that is too negative. For within that slow, large, watchful personality there was a brilliant quickness of imagination. When I tell you that so incredible a place as the Traymore Hotel in Atlantic City exists not only in physical structure but in personnelle very largely as his creation you may perceive one phase of his powers.

It was always interesting to see how devoid he was of any of the cruder forms of ambition, and with what serene intuition he discarded what was irrelevant to his sense of values. He was slow to be convinced; with canny Scotch-Irish sagacity he liked to brood an idea, but when he knew it was right he could move like lightning—without even wasting any time on subsequent thunder. One of his last enthusiasms was a dingy old iron-works on the water-front in Hoboken—the last place, you would have supposed, where a man of his delicate susceptibilities would find his artistic spirit stirred. But once convinced that our dream of that old machine shop was sensible, his imagination took charge of it and he ran miles ahead of his juniors in eagerness and assurance. He, the owner of a perfect little chateau in Burgundy, a place as lovely as a jewel casket, spent two whole days in measuring and poking about that grimy old ruin in Hoboken, and within a week had prepared the most amazing plans and detail drawings of the vision he had conceived. He talked happily of the time when on his visits to New York he would be able to have an apartment in Hoboken instead of at the St. Regis. The conventional assessments of what was being done were of no interest to him.

He was that rarest of connoisseurs, the accurate differentiator between the genuine and the spurious. Almost more than anything else he loved to walk about among buildings (his profession being architecture) pointing out where the right kind of planning or material had produced harmony and strength; or, with a humorous deprecation of stupidity, showing how jerry-building or cheap show was cracking and crumbling. "It doesn't *mean* anything" was one of his temperate denunciations. Temperate is a word to repeat. Kind and generous as he was, it was the kindness of strength, always just, always prompt to resent folly or meanness. His blue eye could turn steely, the big frame in loose tweeds could suddenly loom enormous; when he alluded to misguided people as "those rabbits" it had more force than an oath.

His beautiful success in life—one can hardly think of any man more successful in the things that have meaning—was not by any form of brokerage or chicane but by actual solid creation. He left the physical shape of the world different and more interesting. Impulses that in most of us are spasmodic and uncertain were in him deep and purposeful and sure. His humor, penetrating and shrewd, was accurate to enjoy any of the infinite variations of human oddity, but his inward kindness and moderation were so strong that unnecessary complications of folly seemed to cause him actual pain. He had a queer little way of murmuring or gently humphing to himself when he was hearing anything that troubled him.

It pleases me to think that The Caliph must have been largely unaware of the extraordinary personal love that his subjects felt for him. Affection is a very frequent human emotion, but it is rarely mingled so deeply with respect. It was because he was an artist to his finger-tips that chefs and maîtres d'hôtel and musicians loved him. These are artists, and in the routine of a huge hotel, where inevitably a certain proportion of the guests are less aware of the sensibilities of life than those who serve them, there grows a very keen secret instinct of difference. It was always delightful to see the staff's eagerness to delight him, for they knew that he also was adept in their own special arts. Whether it was music, or plumbing, or the preparation of crêpes Suzette, he understood. He was general connoisseur of all the amenities of life. Tapestries, or books, or Spanish architecture, or French vintages, or old Indian enamels, or the cooking of spaghetti, or a delicate bit of time-exposure photography, he was master of all arts. The pipes he brought back from London were not the brands that advertising has made famous, they were the secret first editions of the briar-root world that only a few know. The little bit of fourteenth century stained glass that he always carried in his pocket as talisman was the original Chartres blue. It was sacred to him, given him by the curator of Chartres cathedral himself. He liked to be reminded, though it was not necessary, that good workmanship is immortal.

There will be times, for our own selfishness and our own great need, when those who loved our Caliph can meet together to talk about him. Unknown to himself he was the center of a various conspiracy of men, all with their own anxieties and weaknesses, who saw in him some mysterious strength and charity, some miracle of the just man made perfect. Those who knew his genius for inconspicuousness, and his equal genius for getting what he wanted by indirect suggestion, will know how humbly inadequate is this memorandum of his great manhood.

Happiest of all to remember is how, in the last years, this incomparable artist in living found the perfect plastic materials of the life he sought. In a little country chateau in France, in an exquisite old fabric of stone and timber where life was nearly extinct, he found that grace and loveliness that he knew how to cherish. It was then that you could see how strong and sure was the artist in this man. Gradually, patiently, summer by summer, life blossomed again in the old house without ever a sudden change or a jarring alteration. The magician was at work, and always with an enchanted quietness. A faint whiff of his dog's-wool tobacco in the big stone hall, or a glimpse of his broad tweeded shoulders at the desk in the little room upstairs, or of his sun-hat coming up from the wine-cellar as he carried a bottle of Musigny in the wicker cradle, or that rich medley of cameras and maps and tools and balls of twine on the round catch-all table—these were all you might notice; but the Caliph was there, pervading the whole. His serene purposing consecutive mind was at work, and the essences of living came back to the place. The carp flickered in the moat, the white cows of Burgundy grazed in the meadow and once at dawn were seen standing, at far intervals, in an exact straight line across the wide field. Only for an architect, we told him, would they have done that. Music one could not quite account for shimmered in mid-afternoon. It was the Caliph's doing, that was the kind of Caliph he was. He would not want to be romanticized, so I will add that perhaps you understood him best on the bumpy croquet ground. There, in the long Burgundian sunset, while the shadows of the pointed towers reached across the pink sun-crackled ground, his shots showed the keen eye and engineering temper. There was some damnable witchcraft in his aim. He took his time, he puffed hard at his pipe, there was the clear decisive knock of the wood, and his ball clicked against its victim at a fifty foot slant over humps and hollows. It wasn't luck, or accident. There was no luck and no accident in the Caliph's ways in this enchanted world. He was of the old big breed. Like the man in Horace's ode, his life was integral.

I have a little photograph taken five years ago that shows him standing beside the boundary stone where the Route Nationale from Nevers to Dijon enters the department of the Côte d'Or, that wine-raising region of Burgundy which appealed so to his generous spirit. The stone says *Saulieu* 11 *K*, and it was a symbolic moment when we reached it. He was taking us, for the first time, into his fabled bailiwick. He stands there with a great bank of ferns behind him and you can see the road winding round a bend into the rich slopes of Burgundy. He has his pipe, and the inevitable tweeds, and behind the kind and well known smile there is just that faint gravity or dignity of the host. Somehow all the legend and honor and beauty of that old land were upon him, he was standing sponsor for the meaning of the Côte d'Or. His love for it was no expatriation, for he once said, as we were driving through the hills near Beaune, that they pleased him specially because "they're just like the Alleghanies."

As I write, he goes home to his own Alleghanies, and I feel that all is well with him. Few of us have ever known one who so kindly and so wisely illustrated the dignity of human life. I remember now that often, in writing to him, one wanted to begin not just "Dear Caliph," but "Dearest Caliph." And usually one refrained, for one felt a shyness about seeming to be too familiar where one had small warrant. But it was always Dearest Caliph in one's heart.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

Ibises and Rhododendron

ON THE WINGS OF A BIRD. By HERBERT RAVENEL SASS. New York: Doubleday, Doran. 1929. $2.50.

MR. SASS is fortunate, both in the tradition he chooses for his work and in his region. He writes in that rich nature school which, from Bartram and Audubon on, has contributed so much to American literature, and his region is that fascinating, melancholy low country of the Carolinas, vivid with sub-tropical life, and edged on the south by the lagoons and the Atlantic, on the north by the wild and picturesque mountains of the southern Appalachians. In all of these delectable countries he strays in these narrative sketches of deer and wild turkey, sea turtles and sharks, blue-crested gnat catchers, logcocks, alligators, and deer.

Perhaps this nature literature is a special taste, but if so, many share it, and it has many nuances. Thoreau was pungent and philosophical, Burroughs rugged and ethical, Muir rhapsodic to dreaminess. Sass is closer to Burroughs than the others, quite as accurate, with more sentiment, and a far richer terrain. He is a little diffuse,—lingers too much on his pictures, overwrites them sometimes; but no one reads these nature sketches for their plots—that taste belongs to a very different order of nature writing, the nature-faking short stories of the naturalist-fabulist school. They read to let their imaginations go free and follow the author's memories; they read in a less degree for information, and for the excitement of the sensory nerves which in so many of us titillate among the egrets and ibises of the swamp, over the rhododendron-shaded pool, at the flash of warbler wings, as never in the city.

These sketches, as has been said before, need tightening, need disciplining. There is some of the languor of the South in the writing, where it should be confined to the suggestions from the writing. A condensing of this material, plus the earlier essays, likewise condensed, of "Adventures in Green Places," would make an excellent book for one of the series of American classics of the woods and wilds.

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Books of Special Interest

Measuring the Mind

EXPLORING YOUR MIND WITH THE PSYCHOLOGISTS. By ALBERT EDWARD WIGGAM. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Co. 1928. $3.50.

Reviewed by DAVID M. LEVY, M.D.
Institute for Child Guidance

WIGGAM starts his exploration with a defense of his craft. His objective is "*the enlightenment and inspiration of the* public through the artistic interpretation of science." To encourage scientific journalism, a profession sadly depleted of men, he displays the tools of his shop. These are a strong susceptibility to scientific writing, thorough grounding in at least one scientific subject, besides the technique of journalism which aims to make science "live in the mind and heart of the world." The essentials of technique consist in getting the scientist's support so that he talks to you as to a fellow scientist, submitting written interviews to him for correction, and working it over until to his own satisfaction you achieve his meaning as a logical and artistic performance. Whatever the merits of Wiggam's enterprise, it does not lack journalistic skill.

Photographs of the contributors and a biographical sketch of each in the form of a eulogy, with frequent boosting of their publications, precede each section. The material is largely in the form of quotations and contains much of the "My dear Wiggam—My dear Jones" type of conversation. The fact that each psychologist has been personally interviewed and has checked the author's manuscript lends authenticity to the account.

The title "Exploring Your Mind with the Psychologists" should be labeled more accurately, "Measuring Your Mind with the Psychologists," for it is almost exclusively with that phase of psychology that the book is concerned. Note some of the titles: "How to Make an Inventory of Your Personality," "How Smart are Your Children?," "Have you a Future Genius in Your Home?," "How Musical Are You?," "Science Measures Morals."

If the author had kept his title to fit the contributions there would be little cause for controversy. He has presented in very readable form—the study of various personality traits and special abilities made by psychologists through the elaboration of testing methods. The book shows through highly animated interviews how far such work has developed. Some of the tests require as a preliminary to the quantitative procedure, minute analysis and scientific skill of the highest degree, as in Spearman's test of musical ability. Some of them represent a quantitating of such psychiatric concepts as Jung's "introversion and extroversion," or Adler's "inferiority complex." Some of them "measure" through the agreement of opinions of subjects and fellow students on a list of traits (Adams). Some of the recognized leaders of the field have lent themselves to Wiggam's enterprise. But in the main, the book is decidedly unfair to psychologists in that it gives the impression that exploring the mind is done chiefly through question-answer tests, inventory lists, and a pseudo mathematics of opinions and descriptive phrases. None of the notable contributions assembled by Murchison in his "Psychologies of 1925" are utilized, though the contributions are infinitely better adapted to the title of the book.

To interest a large public the writer has sacrificed too much. He has challenged the reader's self-estimation and probably his fears by exposing a series of tests and blanks which may interest and amuse but also alarm. He has included a chapter totally unrelated to the topic, entitled "Science Is Bringing Us Closer to God." His least creditable contribution comprises three chapters devoted to the study of fears, making exaggerated claims for the contributor, quoting much enthusiastic conversation depicting the successes of the writer. The material comprises a series of superficial case studies with a mélange of Freud, Adler, and Watson in explanation of the difficulties. It would be quite serious if readers suffering from severe nervous disturbances should be led to believe that the "best method" for curing fears is to have a patient score himself and his friends on a scale of performances. The contributor is apparently unaware that curing phobias through persuasion or discipline represents shop-worn methods of psychiatry, and characteristically relies on a form of therapy excessively pedagogic.

One wonders how those contributors to this book, who occupy such important posts in the field of clinical psychology, react to the following excerpt: "If you give sensible people a good plan such as this simple method (convincing a patient he has ability by use of a rating scale) as mine presents, they see the situation clearly and revamp their own judgments of themselves; then in many cases their fears disappear so completely they can't tell why they have even been worried." As to the reaction of experienced psychiatrists to these chapters, nothing printable can be imagined.

Up-Light and Low-Down

MR. MONEYPENNY. By CHANNING POLLOCK. New York: Brentanos. 1928. $2.

THE FRONT PAGE. By BEN HECHT and CHARLES MACARTHUR. New York: Covici-Friede. 1928. $2.

THE QUEEN'S HUSBAND. By ROBERT EMMET SHERWOOD. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1928. $2.

Reviewed by JOHN MASON BROWN

NO two plays the present season may reveal could possibly—by the wildest stretch of the imagination—have less in common than "Mr. Moneypenny" and "The Front Page." But, though they are the bromo and the seltzer of our current theatre, each of them is, in its own highly individual way, flagrantly representative of what is often called, with a rather grandiloquent flourish, the American scene. If they meet in this review for the first and only time in their widely separated lives, either as acted or printed plays, it is because the temptation to present them as the Irreconcilables of our theatres is too great to resist. Yet it is precisely as such that each of them makes its strongest appeal to a public that is large enough to embrace and support (both literally and figuratively) Mary Pickford and Lon Chaney, William Lyon Phelps and Jim Tully, and Dr. Cadman and H. L. Mencken at one and the same time.

Mr. Pollock's play belongs, because of the sincerity and vigor of its "message," to that didactic tradition of playwriting of which Mr. Pollock has made himself a leader during the last few years. It is a morality play that is not very much above the level of the Sunday school basement pageant in its profundity and eloquence.

The basic truth, upon which the entire play is built, is that subtle observation Mr. Pollock has made, namely, that love of money for its own sake is evil. This offers both plot and dialogue to Mr. Pollock, and consolation to at least six-tenths of the people who have assembled in the Liberty Theatre. Mr. Pollock has the courage of his bromides and to illustrate his fable he makes John Jones (who might just as well have been Mr. Anybody or Brother Everyman, and the wonder is that he is not) a hard-worked American husband, with a representative American family, the hero of his saga of greed. Mr. Jones is tired of loyalty, wearied of honest servitude, and has already been tempted by Mr. Moneypenny. Needless to say, he is no match for him. He sells himself easily, and Mr. Pollock's morality traces his decline through all those shadings of temptation and disintegration that are always the necessary preludes to the final moment of reformation in which, in this case, Mr. Jones, as a generous award for reawakened virtue, is allowed to do the dishes, declaring, as he goes, "I'm not going to be a fool any more . . . never any more, Carrie."

The printed version of the play, though it lists the cast, makes no mention of Robert Edmond Jones and, particularly, Richard Boleslavsky, who by their settings and direction did most (yes, much more than Mr. Pollock himself) to lift "Mr. Moneypenny" (at the Liberty) to moments of authentic and effective theatre. Certainly, without their assistance, when "Mr. Moneypenny" is read in the library, it must seem far less meritorious, even to Mr. Pollock's host of admirers, than it did in the theatre. And the real truth is that his latest work is not a literary play, in any sense of the word, and an acting play only to Mr. Pollock's followers. But it is a fairly skilful and utterly sincere scenario for a morality spectacle of which Richard Boleslavsky has made much more than the most.

"The Front Page," by Ben Hecht and Charles MacArthur, is so different from "Mr. Moneypenny" that a new ribbon, if not a new typewriter, is required to mention it at all so quickly after Mr. Pollock's "verbal cartoon" (as it is billed at the Liberty). "The Front Page," as everyone must know by now, is that breathless melodrama of the Press Room of Chicago's Criminal Courts Building which has meant to the present season what "Broadway" meant to last. What is on the surface a rowdy, plain-spoken, militant diatribe against newspaperdom is, as the authors have since confessed, at bottom the record of an unabashedly sentimental memory of their early reporting years in Chicago. But the sentimentality, which has to do with "glorifying" a profession instead of "debunking" it, only adds to the effectiveness of the melodrama. Its characters are reporters of the old school, profane buccaneers, whose mouths have never been washed out with soap, who speak in robust, unmincing Rabelaisian terms. When they are not reporters or conscienceless editors, they are men who represent organized "authority"—the natural butts for the humor of both Hecht and MacArthur, "der Kaptain" for these authors whom Jed Harris has described as the "Katzenjammer kids of the theatre."

In the printed version, though "The Front Page" reads but poorly and loses much by being deprived of the pace at which Osgood Perkins and Lee Tracy played it and George S. Kaufman directed it, it still claims undivided attention as a piece of expert reporting. When the shouts and murmurs of its actual performance are muted, it seems, as it really is, a rather slim and foolish melodrama, a matter of tempo rather than contents. But it is a veracious and exciting tribute, even within the covers of a book, to what Robert E. Sherwood has so excellently described as the *dea ex machina* of our theatre, "the muse who wears a green eye-shade, wields a blue pencil, and asks, in a cold, contemptuous tone, 'Have you verified this?'" By its idiom, as well as its photography and attack, "The Front Page" belongs to the "sophisticated," cynical, anti-Pollyanna tradition of Lon Chaney, Jim Tully, and Mencken. It is innocent of uplift, expert as journalism, and uses its facts to tear down rather than build up.

In this connection, more from Mr. Sherwood, who, for the published version of his own middlingly successful comedy, "The Queen's Husband," has written one of the sanest, soundest, most irrefutable, and important essays that have yet been written on the contemporary American drama. Writing at length about American authors as men who turn out "copy" instead of literature, and explaining their works on the grounds of self-consciousness and the fear of being "kidded," Mr. Sherwood makes a plea for positive appreciation, as well as hookum, romance, and imagination in our theatre.

Sweetness and Blight

NURSERY RHYMES FOR CHILDREN OF DARKNESS. By GLADYS OAKS. New York: Robert M. McBride & Company. 1928. $1.50.

Reviewed by LOUIS UNTERMEYER

MISS OAKS makes her début under favorable circumstances. "Nursery Rhymes for Children of Darkness" was published as the result of an extensive contest; it won not only the Manuscript Poetry Book Award, but the commendation of Grace Hazard Conkling, Max Eastman, Alfred Kreymborg—poets in the capacity of judges. The designer's format carries out the creator's intent; the type-page, like the verse it frames, is distinct, bold, easy to read. Miss Oaks is fortunate; the way to her audience is smoothly prepared. And a not-too-critical audience will meet her halfway. Her subject-matter being primarily and frankly physical, is sure of popular response; her emphasis, though intellectual in slant, is emotional in pitch; her treatment is "daring" without being over-realistic or overstated. She has, in addition, the gift of analysis which, while not profound, is sufficient to establish its modernity. Lastly, though her technique is not conspicuously dexterous—her rhythms are slipshod and her ear allows her to rhyme "indignity" with "pity," "drought" with "mouth," "over" with "mother"—her craftsmanship is good enough to give some of her lines the freshness at which she aims.

It is only when the texture of her verse is examined that one finds, beneath a silken sheen, the basic shoddy. Her Sappho, her Salomé, her Thais, feel deeply, it is true but not deeply enough. Furthermore, they feel —and say—nothing which has not been felt—and said—a score of times by those devotees of the flesh. Once more Thais tempts her saint with the delights of her body; Salome again reminds the Baptist that he could have converted her with something more violent than words; Mary Magdalene reiterates that the Messiah might have spent his time more profitably, and insinuates that the white love of Jesus might have had a more direct issue than the dark passion of Judas.

Throughout the book, one is troubled by the lack of any inevitable conclusion; the thought which promises to be self-revealed and self-revealing becomes ordinary. The development that starts toward an original turn ends in the same arbitrary idea. One is not unmindful of the frankness in "Night Song," "Climax," "Cosmic," "A Marriage," but one wishes they contained something more than candor to recommend them.

Perhaps the root of the trouble lies not so much in Miss Oaks's sensibilities as in her style. For all her sincerity, she echoes echoes; her "modernity" is old-fashioned, and old-fashioned in a particularly distressing way. What could be more familiarly rhetorical, more actually sentimental, than phrases like "All the passions of your aching blood," "Your spirit's lust," "My madness has a shine," "Till all your blood is a song," "My body is like a lamp at midnight," "I must make the beat of me into wine," "Your body is a slender, ivory vase," "The passioned way to Troy . . . nights of pilfered joy."

Miss Oaks is, unfortunately, entirely too fond of such sweet locutions. Something other than her best, a remote but recognizable influence impels verses breathing a heavy anti-Victorianism — which is, of course, only another kind of Victorianism—when she writes:

We two upon a couch of sky-swept earth,
Your thin, brown body for my covering,
Were prayers of flesh so bright and passional
We could have known no dread [illegible] thing.

This is the key of "Salome to John." And this quatrain (which might, without anyone but the poet being aware, have served as part of the same poem) is the heart of "Thais to her Saint":

No bonds, my saint, only a single night;
A night for you to pray to and adore;
A night to curse; a time of such delight
That dreams hide in your pillow evermore.

Can these be the expressions of a woman of 1929? Are they not, rather, the swooning accents of a young lady of the nubile 'nineties, a young lady with a poorly disguised fondness for Laurence Hope? Compared with the probing analyses of Anna Wickham's "The Contemplative Quarry," or Charlotte Mew's "The Farmer's Bride," or Helen Hoyt's "Apples Here in My Basket," or Louise Bogan's "Body of This Death," or Marjorie Meeker's "Color of Water," these "feminine reactions" to life and love are feminine in the most deadly sense. It is not as if Miss Oaks were without taste. "First Rhyme" and "To the Harvest!" prove she knows what to reject as well as what to use. Several of the sonnets show a clear quality self-generating; there is some strength as well as tone in "The Roman," "Peace, Friend," "Undedicated Sonnet," and "Where an Autumn Tree" which follows:

Dark mountain where an autumn tree is burning,
Frenzy of leaves clear in the mountain wind,
This was her torch of truth . . . leaves crackling . . . turning
The thousand shades of flame where light goes blind.

Who could expect such blown truths to be steady,
Her truth of person, lover or of wife?
So many people in her one dark body
Frustrated to a single paltry life.

And in adventure could she be ungenerous?
And could she stunt her stars and still her foams?
She must. All rebels splendid and soul-numerous
At last build doors before the woods for homes.

After the cloven sea where thunder calls,
Freedom begins within her wooden walls.

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Books of Special Interest

Grocer-Scholar

HARRISON OF IGHTHAM. By SIR EDWARD HARRISON. New York: Oxford University Press. 1928.

Reviewed by THEODORE LORENZ

IGHTHAM (the first syllable "Ight" should be pronounced as in "right") is a village of unusual charm even in the Kentish "Garden of England," which is renowned in that respect; but it has been deprived of its most unique attraction by the death of the man whose life is here under review, and by whose name, one might almost say, his village was generally known in England one or two decades ago. At that time, the traveller halting his step to enjoy the beauty of Elizabethan houses with their stately timbered fronts, surrounded by green fields and undulating woods, usually found his glance arrested by strange wares displayed in the windows of the old-fashioned grocery and general store at one end of the village street: perhaps a plan of a Celto-Roman camp on a wooded hill close by, together with Roman coins, horseshoes, tiles, etc.; or a photograph of a neolithic dolmen or stone-circle, relics of the Iberian or Mediterranean race, whose flint implements can be picked up in newly ploughed fields, like Indian stone tools in this country; or the picture of a historic country mansion. In most cases, these exhibits fulfilled their purpose of enticing the spectator inside, and he could never be in doubt of his welcome, the moment he saw the gray-whiskered, fine, old face of the man behind the counter, looking at him over his spectacles with a shrewd and kindly smile. The further course of events usually included the rapid production of a wonderfully exact sketch-map on gray sugar-paper, with clever drawings of conspicuous landmarks, to serve as a guide for a walk; to those interested in botany, this village store-keeper was able to impart professional information, especially concerning wild orchids and ferns; and his animated talk was spiced with apt quotations from English poets and prose-writers, Kingsley's "Water Babies" being a favorite in that respect.

That was "Benjamin Harrison, the Ightham grocer!" But among those who thus came into personal contact with him, there were few who had any idea of the important part which this remarkable and almost wholly self-taught man had played in the development of prehistoric archæology. When still in his early twenties, he had read in a geological magazine about the first discoveries of paleolithic flint implements recently made in France by Boucher de Perthes. These tools were manufactured during the Glacial Age, over one hundred thousand years ago, while the rivers gradually eroded the valleys at the bottom of which they are flowing; they are found in the gravel beds laid down by these rivers, and it follows that they are the older, the higher the level of these beds. While ecclesiastic authorities rose up in arms to defend biblical chronology, and while dry-as-dust specialists shrugged disdainful shoulders, the young village grocer forthwith set to work, looking for the same implements in the quaternary gravels of his Kentish home county; and it was granted to him to fulfil the prediction which had been made by the geologist, James Geikie, that flint implements "will yet be found at such elevations as will cause the hairs of cautious geologists to rise on end!"

Harrison soon sought and found contact with professional scholars. Above all, Sir Joseph Prestwich, the venerable Oxford professor of geology, who had had an important share in the French discoveries, and whose country home was not far away, became his beloved "master." An ideal partnership developed between the professor and the ardent young fieldworker, who knew every piece of land by its old Saxon or Norman name, and who could produce at a moment's notice (with scissors, paste, and a few sheets of colored paper) a geological relief-map of almost any district that was called for. This partnership bore its fruits in two classical papers read by Prestwich before the Geological Society in 1889 and 1891.

But even then, Harrison's fame was only beginning. For a long time past, he had been observing, in gravels on the very top of the chalk plateau of the North Downs, chipped flints of a much ruder type than the paleoliths, and he had gradually gained the conviction that they, too, were artefacts, representing "man's earliest essay"—perhaps even before the close of the Tertiary Age! When, after long trepidation, he broached the subject to Prestwich, the latter, to his immeasurable delight, accepted these "eoliths," as they came to be called, and espoused their cause in a famous paper read before the "Anthropological Institute" in 1891, thus opening the vexed "Eolithic Controversy." The whole subject is too vast to be entered upon more fully in these columns. Suffice it to say that, after Prestwich's death, it remained "the cause" of Harrison's life, for which his enthusiasm burned with a holy flame—scorching at times in the face of obstinate rejection, although his well-developed sense of humor and his inborn good nature always quickly gained the upper hand. He had the satisfaction to see the eoliths permanently represented in the galleries of the British Museum in London and of the Prehistoric Museum in Berlin, and accepted by authorities such as Lord Avebury, Sir Ray Lankester, and many others. In this country, his achievements have been accorded full appreciation quite recently.

Harrison was approaching his seventieth year when I first met him, but still in his physical prime and a marvellous hiker. Many a time have I stood with him on the wind-swept plateau of the North Downs, sometimes together with well-known continental archæologists, and I can still hear his triumphant "Human work, Sir!" as he handed up an eolith from the newly made trench after removing the adhering stiff clayey matrix from the chippings with a sharp little brush. And many a time I sat with him, discussing new finds, upstairs in his little "Museum," overlooking the village street; the shelves lining its walls were filled with numerous manuscript volumes and scrap-books, containing diaries, letters and clippings of all sorts, and forming a complete record of a unique human life. It is largely from these sources that the present volume has been composed. A great part of it is naturally devoted to the matters briefly sketched above, and these portions will appeal to all those who can take pleasure in sharing a field-worker's suspenses and thrills and wild-goose chases. But there are also to be found numerous items of a more general nature, forming fascinating snapshots of village characters and occurrences; and no one can read these pages without feeling a breath of the peace and happiness of the rich and full human life that was lived in the seclusion of this rural retreat.

The Origin of the American

OLD CIVILIZATIONS OF THE NEW WORLD. By A. HYATT VERRILL. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill. 1929. $5.

Reviewed by ALFRED M. TOZZER

BOOKS on scientific subjects which claim "to give accurate, unbiased, and unvarnished" accounts of what we actually know are especially open to criticism when the "truths" turn out, upon investigation, to be neither accurate nor unbiased. Mr. Verrill's book attempts to cover the origin of man in America and the great civilizations of Middle America and of Peru. He takes up in some detail the cultures of the Aztecs, the Toltecs, and the Mayas, the Coclé culture of Panama which he discovered, the Incas of Peru, and their predecessors on the Andean highlands.

Regarding early man in America, the author gives an intimation, at least, that the entire *Genus* may have originated here and he is very positive about man's presence in America in Pleistocene times. "Similar relics (arrow-heads, etc.) have been found among fossil bones of Pleistocene animals in at least fifty localities in North America." Not content with bringing man into this part of the world over Behring Strait, he opens up several other avenues of possible approach, Greenland, southern Europe, the trans-Pacific, and even Atlantis is used once more as the stepping-stone westward.

The Coclé culture of Panama, investigated by Mr. Verrill in 1924, is regarded as the most ancient culture in America. Every upright stone is phallic and elephantine forms are discovered in the stone-carvings! No mention is made, however, of the Archaic cultures of Mexico and Central America which are the oldest yet discovered in this region. In spite of the author's statement, we know something about the beginnings of the Maya civilization and a great deal about the early history of the Toltecs and of the Aztecs.

There are excellent pictures throughout the book to which no references are made in the text. The bibliography is most incomplete and contains, for the most part, few of the fundamental works on the archæology of these regions. A very good index closes a very poor book.

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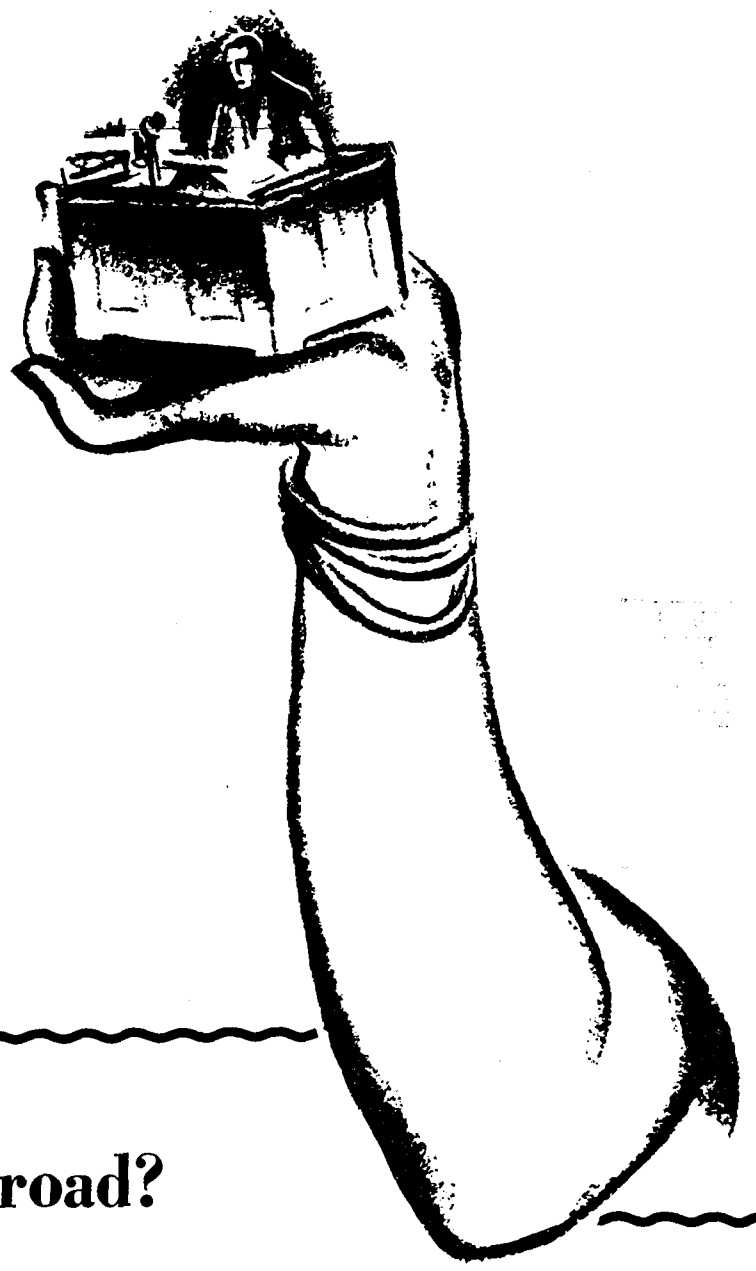

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Foreign Literature

Carco in Spain

PRINTEMPS D'ESPAGNE. Par FRANCIS CARCO. Paris: Albin Michel. 1929.

Reviewed by PIERRE LOVING

THE interest of the French man of letters in Spain has always been enormous, but not because of Latin consanguinity. Spain holds up no mirror to the French in which they may see themselves at any given stage of their civilization; to them the land of Cid, of Saint Theresa, of Cervantes, of Gongora, of Goya, and El Greco is an exotic country, an oddity to be dealt with as stuff for literature, but not studied, visited, and understood. Consider for a moment the swollen deluge of plays with Spanish subjects or Spanish backgrounds that swept the theatres of France at the crest of the Romantic movement; the taste in Spanish tobacco during the same period; the fashions for weaving Spanish shawls, Spanish hats; the hidalgo flourishes of the young men, like Gautier, Gerard de Nerval, Petrus Borel. As late as 1844, I believe, Balzac assailed the Odéon with his terrible comedy (in imitation of Calderon and Lope de Vega, with a modern touch, of course) entitled "The Resources of Quinola"; the modern touch, bestowed in 1844 on the reign of Philip II, was an unappreciated inventor of steam, a Robert Fulton of the Tagus!

Much later followed Gautier's book after a cursory visit of three months. It is colorful, swift, tapestried. Gautier travelled to Spain with the object of finding his own romantic preconceptions; and he found them; he returned to France with all his bubbles of illusion iridescently intact. But the book had both charm and genuine beauty; it stimulated the imaginations of others; and Beaudelaire, although he esteemed Gautier's prose a bit too lush, succumbed to the headlong enthusiasm of his friend. As a result of reading this book, he planned a riotous Spanish tragedy, which, however, he never even began.

Lovers of Spain and El Greco will remember most gratefully Maurice Barrès's book, as well as the less austere one of Meier-Graefe. Standing in front of the grilled gate that somberly shuts him out from the inner sanctuary that houses El Greco's masterpiece, "The Burial of Count Orgaz," Francis Carco (the most Italianate Frenchman of them all) cannot resist the temptation to quote Barrès's magnificent prose: "Une atmosphere de solennelle tristesse pénètre, apaise ce bel office des morts."

I have called M. Carco the most Italianate Frenchman of them all, and not without good reason. American readers who are familiar with his novels dealing with the underworld of Paris, with the "innocents" of the rue Pigalle and the outer boulevards, with his memorabilia of the "Lapin Agile," "De Montmartre au Quartier Latin," recently translated as "The Last Bohemia" by Mrs. Boyd, will not be slow to perceive my meaning. In handling the lives and loves of these *bas-fonds* people Carco betrays a quite un-French objectivity and calmness. His method is mercurial and fiery, but his overruling attitude is marked by careful aloofness. It might be said of him that he is never once sentimental, save perhaps in "Jesus-la-Caille;" but he is always, on the other hand, penetratingly sympathetic.

I have wandered somewhat from my point. M. Carco is not at all traditionally French when he envisages Spain in the Spring. He went there, he informs us, to visit Seville during Holy Week. No doubt he expected, as one at first does, to encounter the Italianate mingling of Christian and pagan cultures; but he was surprised to find something else. What he saw in Madrid, the fusion of country and town, the overgrown, modern commercial city with white-faceted banks adorned with half-clothed figures, with its efficient white-helmeted policemen and equally efficient lottery sellers; museums and slums, dirty, putrid, primitive—all these things the casual visitor in Madrid may see. In Toledo M. Carco, however, saw more than most. Of course, he noted that Spain was a land of striking contrasts, but he hadn't dreamt of hearing the beguiling voice of a bordello scout close to his ear, while visiting the Church of Saint Thomas. Yet that is exactly what happened. On another occasion he found the town's *maison close* next door to a cathedral, cheek by jowl, the former being in reality an ancient disused tower of the church. But then, I daresay M. Carco's tight-minded detractors would here point out that this is exactly what one might expect from the ribald pen of this writer. This would be wide of the truth, for Spain has not yet been sufficiently spoiled by the Chambers of Commerce to make itself genteel and infallibly pleasing to all along the highways of tourist travel.

We are sorry for M. Carco that it rained in Seville during Holy Week. What he managed to see and experience in Barcelona was indeed unique. He roamed the streets, viewed the old port, frequented out-of-the-way bars and cafés. He gleaned a brief insight into the soul of a young dancer. How romantic and untamable she looked in her stagey setting! Her feet twinkled; she bore her hands on her hips; she clicked the castanets. But our author in an off-moment talked to her intimately and found out how *bourgeoise* she really was in the recesses of her Spanish heart; how she washed and scrubbed her apartment, which she occupied with her mother; prepared the meals; sewed during the afternoon, and in the evening repaired to her job in the café. Probably her unfulfilled aspiration was to own a modest tobacco shop.

It was in Barcelona that M. Carco went in search of Utrillo's father, and together they scoured the city. M. Carco indicates rather sketchily an interesting character, but he does not expend his pen or his talents on the portrait. Señor Utrillo flashes vividly before our eyes; but we would have our author and cicerone arrest him. This he never consents to do.

Without purporting to do so, M. Carco has written a most fascinating guide; but he does not tell his readers specifically where to go. He is too mature to serve us in that way. What he accomplishes, rather, is to suggest how Spain should be explored by a footloose traveller. M. Carco does not recommend the donkey as a means of locomotion, nor yet a Ford. When he discovers a Ford or a Chevrolet in Seville, the sight fills him with naive wonder. This is merely proof that he entered Spain in the right state of mind. His interest in the literature of contemporary Spain, which has been given great impetus by Valery Larbaud and Jean Cassou, is less than nothing; he does not once mention the name of Gongora, which is most remarkable for a Frenchman nowadays. M. Carco avoids describing bull-fights, although he spies unofficially on the bulls behind the scenes the night before the *corrida* of Easter Sunday; and he knows their keepers and much of the strange life that centers around the great national pastime. Perhaps he has put off the bull-fight story for a later book, but I am inclined to think that he is content to yield to M. Montherlant and Mr. Hemingway the honor of chronicling the actual combat. One feels that the sport itself has little interest for him, and that only the human currents it arouses, the by-products, so to speak, are grist for his mill.

The Making of Jugoslavia

JUGOSLAVIENS ERSTEHUNG. Von DUSAN A. LONCAREVIC. Wien: Amalthea Verlag. 1929.

Reviewed by ROBERT DUNLOP

IT is greatly to the credit of the Amalthea Verlag that, though essentially an Austrian press, it is actuated by no narrow spirit of national prejudice in its efforts to enlighten public opinion as to the actual state of affairs in the new Succession States. This book, written by one whose object it apparently is to prove that, as between Austria-Hungary and Serbia, the responsibility of driving things to a fatal issue rests entirely with the former, is a case in point. We are quite willing to concede that the Serbs are a brave and patriotic people; but it is a little too much to ask us to believe that they are the lamb in the fable, or that if Pasic had not been crossed in his peaceful policy by Austrian intrigues, it would never have come to a rupture with the Empire.

The cause of that rupture we are given plainly to understand was the ineradicable hatred of Serbia entertained by Austro-Hungarian statesmen. The rogues in the drama, as unfolded by Loncarevic, are Aehrenthal, Berchtold, and Forgách. The Serbs, we are told, are a peace-loving people and were ready to go any length compatible with the maintenance of their national independence, to preserve friendly relations with the Empire. The murder of King Alexander of the house of Obrenovich was a political necessity. King Alexander was a traitor to his own people. The murder of the archduke, Francis Ferdinand, was the work of an irresponsible youth, whose patriotism outran his discretion, and it was as much deplored by the Serbs as it was by the Austrians.

We may be pardoned for doubting all this. The Serbs are anything but a peace-loving people: fighting is second nature with them. Pasic's whole policy was directed to the forcible expulsion of Austria-Hungary from the Balkans and the creation of a greater Serbia. The murder of King Alexander was the result of a conspiracy on the part of a group of dissatisfied officers, of whom the leader, Capt. afterwards Col. Dimitrievic, had a hand in the assassination of the archduke Francis Ferdinand and who, when his further existence threatened inconvenient revelations, was quietly "removed" by Pasic, on pretext that he was meditating the murder of the Crown Prince of Serbia. Princip, who shot the archduke, is today regarded by the Serbs as a national hero, as the bridge in Sarajevo, where the murder took place, now called by his name, testifies.

The fact is that whether we sympathize or not with the Serbs in their efforts to establish themselves as the dominant power on the Balkans, Serbia became, with the accession of King Peter in 1903, a veritable hot-bed of conspiracy against the Empire. There is no reason to deny it. Conspiracy is the weapon of the weaker party. The folly of the so-called Friedjung process as others of a similar sort was trying to prove what in nine cases out of ten never can be proved, but which everybody knows to exist. Pasic's intention to make Serbia another Piedmont was a perfectly sensible policy—in fact the only one if he was to realize his object of a Greater Serbia. Its only drawback was that it necessarily entailed a war between Austria-Hungary and Russia. Austria's mistake was that she did not take advantage of the free hand given to her by Russia in 1903 to clear up matters with Serbia. Had she done so Europe would probably have been saved much misery; but then there would never have been a Jugoslavia.

Actually of the making of Jugoslavia there is very little to read in this book. What interests us most is the curious account given by Loncarevic of the difficulty experienced by the Serbian government in framing a proper answer to the Austrian ultimatum of July 23, 1914, owing to the uncertainty that prevailed as to the attitude of the Czar in the matter. The ultimatum had been handed in at six o'clock on Thursday evening, July 23, and the answer was due at the same hour on Saturday the 25th. Saturday mid-day had come and no answer to the pressing telegram for advice had arrived from Petersburg. In its dilemma the Serbian government prepared two answers—the one accepting the ultimatum in case the Czar's reply was in favor of that course or in case it did not arrive in time: the other (the one actually adopted) worded in terms of a veiled refusal, in case the Czar was prepared to take Serbia's side in the quarrel. Shortly before four o'clock it was known in Belgrade that orders had arrived from Petersburg for the instant mobilization of the Serbian army. It is a curious story, but considering the opportunities possessed by Loncarevic, as the official representative in Belgrade of the Vienna Telegraphic-News Agency, of picking up reliable information, quite a credible one.

A Prince of Novelists

CHARLES DE COSTER. By JOSEPH HANSE. Bruxelles: Palais des Académies. 1928.

THE prince of Belgian novelists is at last coming into his own. In 1927 the centennial of the birth of Charles De Coster brought forth a garland of tributes of more or less ephemeral value. M. Hanse has lost nothing by the delay in the appearance of his volume; his work, crowned and published by the Royal Academy, will remain definitive. While calculated to satisfy the most exacting demands of scholars, it is always readable and will often fascinate any who know the popular Belgian hero, Ulenspiegel. M. Hanse devotes the bulk of his work to the conception, realization, and influence of "La Légende et les Aventures d'Ulenspiegel et de Lamme Goedzak au Pays de Flandres." Verhaeren wrote of the novel: "Such is the might of this supreme book that it seizes the reader and fills him, stirs his being to the depths and dominates him by the most intense of emotions." There is probably no more enthralling historical novel in existence. The action is in the sixteenth century and deals with the struggle of the Low Countries for freedom. Ulenspiegel is the spirit of Flanders—Philip II, of Spain. There is however vastly more than history in the story. The author is far from impartial, but his characters glow with life; read the book and you can never again think of Philip or his ministers without a shudder, of Belgium without a thrill. Horror piled on horror there is, yet De Coster's claim is amply justified. "Before all else," he wrote, "this book is joyous, whole hearted, artistic, literary; history is only the frame, while love, gaiety, tenderness are cheek by jowl with grotesque and burlesque pranks." Of all this M. Hanse is aware and his erudition never spoils the fun.

Foreign Notes

IN his "Harun al Rasid" Frederic Karinthy, a Hungarian writer whose pastiches and light satires have won him a wide reputation among his countrymen, has suddenly revealed a side of himself hitherto unknown to them. His novel is the tale of a clown who after his many buffooneries wishes to touch the heart of the public with his violin playing. But the public wishes nothing from him but amusement and refuses to be stirred by his efforts. Under an air of gaiety, Karinthy hides a genuine bitterness of soul, and scarcely conceals his contempt of the "vulgar herd." His book is a powerful piece of writing.

"An investigation made by the educational department of the University of Cologne," says the London *Observer*, "on 'what boys and girls read' has furnished the following results: At the age of thirteen to fourteen the illustrated periodicals enjoy the greatest favor, being read by 35.6 per cent of the boys and 27 per cent of the girls. They are followed by books and periodicals of religious tendency, which are read by 19 per cent of the boys and 23.5 per cent of the girls. Then the boys turn to sport news and the girls to the 'feuilleton' novels. Political interest awakens much later. Even at the age of seventeen only 13 per cent of the boys and 3.5 per cent of the girls read the political part of the dailies. Girls seem to have a keener sense of fun, for humorous papers are read by 42 per cent of them, whilst the boys lag behind with only 21 per cent."

"La Seconde," the latest work to come from the pen of the popular French novelist, Colette (Ferenczi), is a story which has the theatre as background. Its heroine, the wife of a playwright, is a woman of dominating personality, and the tale is built about her relations to another woman and to her husband.

Medievalists should welcome a book recently issued by P. E. Schramm under the title "Die Deutschen Kaiser und Könige in Bildern Ihrer Zeit" (Leipzig: Teubner). In a separte volume are published hundreds of illustrations as accompaniment to a text that is scholarly and interesting and which is supplemented by an extensive bibliography, notes, and indexes.

Léon Daudet's "Paris Vecu" (Nouvelle Revue Française), the reminiscences of a political exile, has a wistfulness that adds charm to its description of Parisian scenes and personalities. M. Daudet, before he was forced to abandon it, knew his Paris well, and his recollections of its streets, its newspaper offices, its restaurants, and its men of affairs and letters are lively and piquant.

A film is to be made of Rudyard Kipling's book "Kim," under the direction of Maude Adams, who took the part of Lady Babbie in "The Little Minister."

"A recent jest of the *Action Française*," says the London *Observer*, "will take a high place among the historic hoaxes. It sent out circulars bearing the title 'The National Commission of Defence of Poldavia,' asking for assistance to put the case of an oppressed country before the League of Nations. The valiant but melancholy history of Poldavia was set forth, and signed by convincing names, 'Lyneczi Stantoff' and 'Lamiedaef.' Many deputies pledged themselves in support of Poldavia, and now learn that there is 'no sich a place.'

"The affair is so exact a repetition of the Hégésippe Simon hoax of 1914 that one might almost suspect the same author. The mythical Hégésippe was a famous but neglected writer, and the *Eclair* desired to erect a monument to him. The funds, it was said, had been supplied by a generous donor, and illustrious persons were asked to allow their names to be put on the committee. Oracular words of Hégésippe were quoted. 'When the sun rises the darkness vanishes': he was called a 'precursor.' Some thirty Senators and Deputies committed themselves, many with words of commendation of the non-existent author."

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The Wits' Weekly

Conducted by EDWARD DAVISON

Competition No. 61. A prize of fifteen dollars is offered for the most amusing satirical Jazz Song and Chorus—"The Intellectual Blues" such as might occur in a piece called "The Highbrow's Revue." (Entries should reach *The Saturday Review* office, 25 West 45th Street, New York City, not later than the morning of June 17.)

Competition No. 62. A prize of fifteen dollars is offered for the best short rhymed lyric called "July Nightfall." (Entries should reach *The Saturday Review* office not later than the morning of July 1.)

Attention is called to the rules printed below.

COMPETITION NO. 59

The prize of fifteen dollars offered for the most amusing and instructive Literary Alphabet for College Freshmen has been awarded to John A. L. Odde, of Boston, Mass.

THE PRIZE ALPHABET

A IS for Austen, whose life of tranquillity
Showed plenty of sense, but much less sensibility.
B is for Boswell. A sage he could edit
And still get away with the bulk of the credit.
C for Cervantes, who scooped a bonanza
Burlesquing the knights in his extravaganza.
D is for Dickens. Romantic ideal
To the dickens he sent for the sake of the real.
E is for Emerson. No one can boast
Such diffusion of culture — too high-brow for most.
F is for Frost, who can give us the thrills
Of the little old town tucked away in the hills.
G is for Goethe, who got his real start
When his writing was banned in the booksellers' mart.
H is for Holmes, irresistible seer,
Practitioner, poet, purveyor of cheer.
I is for Irving, whose happier mood
Is expressed in a way that would tickle a prude.
J is for Juvenal, easily miffed,
Who said it like Mencken, and meant it like Swift.
K is for Kipling, in wrath so intense
Selling out an edition at twenty odd cents.
L is for Lewis. This man and his wife
Seem to get a great kick for the foibles of life.
M—Melville, whose deep allegorical tale
Was too much for a public that swallowed the whale.
N is for Newton (A. E. the front part)
By whose grace book-collecting became a fine art.
O is for Oppenheim, high-speed producer.
To say he's a stylist would hardly be true, sir.
P is for Pope, renowned expert on "fools,"
Who hit from the shoulder and made his own rules.
Q for Quintilian, the Roman patrician,
High-toned reviewer, old-school rhetorician.
R is for Ruskin. Some critics may scoff;
But all geniuses have to be just a bit off.
S is for Shakspeare, dramatist ace,
Who left Time itself far behind in the race.
T for Thoreau, who beneath a grim cloak
Of natural bearishness could *crack a joke.*
U is for Undset, twice Nobel prize winner.
What we poor little fish wouldn't give to have been her!
V is for Voltaire. His great contribution
Was setting the fires of the French Revolution.
W is for Whitman, who scouted the charms
Of a regular rhythm, and just "yawped," like the Psalms.
X is for Xenophon (meaning "strange sound,")
Still true to his name where "prep" students abound.
Y is for Yonge who devoted to missions
The profits of all her best paying editions.
Z stands for the man who, when asked "Where the gang will,
Will you go along?" wrote "If you will. I Zangwill."

JOHN A. L. ODDE

This was a very popular competition, but nobody achieved the desired epigrammatic style. John A. L. Odde was far ahead of his nearest rivals, A Mountwhite and Dalnar Devening, some of whose couplets must be quoted.

C is for classics. Bright boys often sneer:
But the classics remain while the boys disappear.

Z is for Zealots, those censors who can
Make very best sellers of books that they ban.

J stands for Jonson—spelled this way it's Ben.
To turn it to Sam, insert h before n.

T is the Tatler, a gossipy sheet
Which Steele made amusing and Addison neat.

If A. Mountwhite had kept up the standard of the last two couplets John A. L. Odde would have fallen to second place. Phœbe Scribble, Homer Parsons, and Emily Shafer also wrote well.

We print Arjeh's "Song of the Sirens" for which there was no space in our last issue.

Look not to Scylla, sailor tossed
By tempest in a narrow sea;
But hither, sailor, and accost
The playmates of Persephone,
Who, long ago, to Pluto lost
A comrade—and have need of thee.
Look not to Scylla, sailor, tossed
At evening in a narrow sea.

Fling down thy body from the shrouds,
Or swaying poop or swinging mast
—In spindrift, in a clasp of clouds—
Thy body—we will hold it fast.
Thy body—we will keep it whole
(Our herd is browsing in the sea):
But he who hazardeth his soul
Shall find it—with Parthenope.

She, earlier than any bird
Provoking beauty, lifts the sun
Out of his wallow; and is heard
Ere Circe's treetops, one by one,
By morning are bewitched. Her song
Is all of lost Persephone.
—So strain the sinew, snap the thong.
O, sailor, in our narrow sea!

ARJEH.

RULES

Competitors failing to comply with the following rules will be disqualified. Envelopes should be addressed to Edward Davison, *The Saturday Review of Literature*, 25 West 45th Street, New York City. All MSS. must be legible—typewritten if possible—and should bear the name or pseudonym of the author. Competitors may offer more than one entry. MSS. cannot be returned. The Editor's decision is final and *The Saturday Review* reserves the right to print the whole or part of any entry.

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The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received. Many of them will be reviewed later.

Biography

SEVERAL OF MY LIVES. By LOUIS N. PARKER. London: Chapman & Hall. 1928.

This is the autobiography of a distinguished dramatist, who is almost as well known in the country of his ancestors as in that of his adoption. Grandson of a Chief Justice of the Massachusetts Supreme Court who was graduated from Harvard in 1786, and son of a member of the Harvard Class of 1819, Louis N. Parker was born in France in 1852. Educated on the Continent, he gives a vivid picture of the Europe of the peaceful decades before the Franco-Prussian War; he began his professional career as a musician at Sherborne School, where he taught successfully for many years before he emerged into the more exciting—and possibly more lucrative—life of the theatre.

Mr. Parker writes with decided charm, humor, and modesty; his book is a valuable addition to the library of the student of modern drama and of pageantry. His accomplishment at Sherborne will be an inspiration to music teachers in our schools and colleges. It may be hoped that his publishers will arrange for an American edition; for the author of "Rosemary," "The Cardinal," "Pomander Walk," "Disraeli," and many other plays, has already found a place in American hearts. He exemplifies a happy combination of the cultivated man and practical man-of-affairs, the record of whose life makes a fascinating story.

THOMAS SERGEANT PERRY. By JOHN T. MORSE, JR. Houghton Mifflin. 1929.

Thomas Sergeant Perry, who died last year at the age of eighty-three, was a man of extraordinary culture, scholarship, and ability. His reading was enormous. He even knew Russian. His intimate friends included a large number of the distinguished men of two continents: Emerson, Lowell, the brothers James, Howells, Fiske, Rhodes, Pumpelly, Henry Adams; in Europe: Fitzgerald, Symonds, Von Schroeder, Salomon Reinach, the painter Monet, and so on. He was born in Newport, a descendant of Benjamin Franklin and Commodore Perry; graduated at Harvard in 1866, studied abroad a number of years and married a Boston Cabot; was instructor at Harvard in French and German, later in English and for several years editor of the *North American Review*. He was said to be one of the most fascinating talkers in the city of Holmes and Lowell. From the few letters which Mr. Morse publishes it seems possible that some future collection of his letters will yet place him in the history of American literature. They have the wit, the charm, the perfect ease of the great letter writers. And yet he was very little known, this brilliant American. The present reviewer does not, at the moment, remember to have known anything about him before. His early writings are already forgotten. Later he wrote only the admirable volume on John Fiske in the "Beacon Series." For three years he was Professor of English in a Japanese university. His possibly most important work was connected with the upbuilding of the Boston Public Library. He had distinction of person without distinction of celebrity, and preferred the former to the latter. The preference is in itself a distinction.

ADVENTURES OF A LIBRARIAN. By HARLAN H. BULLARD. New York: Neale. 1929.

Mr. Bullard has made a pleasantly readable book of anecdotes and experiences drawn from his forty years service as Librarian of the Berkshire Athenæum and Museum in Pittsfield, Mass. Many of them have to do with the search for such information as is asked of librarians, and his successes of luck and instinct in finding it. Among such researches might be selected for sample his gradual finding who was the Baroness of Calabrella who edited "Evenings at Haddon Hall." Among curious people who came his way, the best example is perhaps "The Cricket Lady."

I LIKE DIVING. By TOM EADIE. Houghton Mifflin. 1929. $3.50.

Those of us who long for adventure need not look back and cast a romantic halo over the past. That adventure is all around us is a trite observation, but one which does not lose its validity through repetition. With modern science and invention, as a matter of fact, have come adventures unheard of in the days of chivalry.

Not the least of these "modernistic" adventures is deep-sea diving. And Tom Eadie, who has been awarded the Navy Cross and the Congressional Medal of Honor for his exploits as a diver, is probably as capable as any to describe that profession.

Tom Eadie's business is not writing, so his book lacks the literary polish that the more fastidious may desire. At the same time, however, he writes with a directness that too often escapes those who make writing a profession.

The author briefly summarizes his early life and his early days in the navy, relating how diving held a peculiar attraction for him from the first, and telling numerous stories of amusing and interesting adventures. Particularly interesting are the descriptions of the salvage of the submarines S-51 and S-4. For his own work on these two occasions Eadie received his decorations.

Eadie begins his book with the simple statement, "I like diving." And as one reads his book, and notes the enthusiasm which colors his story, one believes him and understands him.

TIBET'S GREAT YOGI MILAREPA. A Biography from the Tibetan, being the *Jetsun-Kahbum* or Biographical History of Jetsun-Milarepa, According to the Late Lama Kazi Dawa-Samdup's English Rendering. Edited with Introduction and Annotations by W. Y. EVANS-WENTZ. Oxford University Press. 1929. $6.50.

This is an important book for the student of Buddhism. For the lay reader it has also an interest, inasmuch as it is a translation by a Tibetan lama of a work which is extremely popular with the laiety of Tibet. It will throw much light upon the interesting question of the magic powers associated in the Orient from time immemorial with sainthood: it will reveal also the great difference between the oriental and occidental ideals of sainthood and supply interesting material for the anthropologist. Our knowledge of this closed land is steadily growing, and Dr. Evans-Wentz has already done much by his translation of the Tibetan "Book of the Dead" to lay bare the more mysterious aspects of its life. In this, his second book, he continues his difficult and important task. We learn of the incredible austerities of these seekers after Nirvana, of the strange manifestations of their growing power: they have "made the Faith of the Buddha like the sun, and have fulfilled the hopes and expectations of all sentient beings."

We see the Saint thrown into strong relief against the background of a superstitious people whose Buddhism is strangely intermingled with demonism, and who have immense respect for their saints. Dr. Evans-Wentz has given us an admirable introduction, many learned notes, a very complete index, and some reproductions of Tibetan pictures. His is, in short, a book of permanent value, and will prove one of growing interest as the Western world catches up with its neglected task of studying the Orient.

Fiction

THE PRINCE SERVES HIS PURPOSE. By ALICE DUER MILLER. Dodd, Mead. 1929. $2.

Mrs. Miller's latest book contains three pleasant and entirely undemanding novelettes. Given the initial situations (in each case a pair of lovers one of whom does not yet know that he or she loves the other), the experienced reader can plot the curve of the story with great accuracy. The book's own public, of tired housewives and untiring débutantes, will no doubt consider it a virtue that each page follows as an obvious corollary to the last.

The manner of these stories is far fresher than the matter. Mrs. Miller has an indefinable but undeniable air of breeding and cleverness that can lend the most conventional story a faint flavor of sophistication. "The Prince Serves His Purpose" has not the originality and verve of "The Charm School," or all the wit of "Are Parents People?" but it is good entertainment, which accomplishes the nice feat of being neither *ennuyant* nor *exigeant*.

(*Continued on next page*)

Would You Like to Understand the Problems of Philosophy *as Clearly as* THE STORY OF PHILOSOPHY *Enabled You to Understand the* Personalities?

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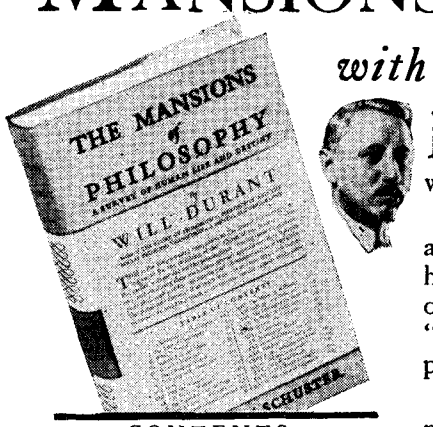

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TYPICAL EPIGRAMS *from* THE MANSIONS OF PHILOSOPHY

* * *

"Immorality is other people's morals." (*Page 112*)

* * *

"We do not doubt that some things are better done by instinct than by thought: perhaps it is wiser, in the presence of Cleopatra, to thirst like Anthony than to think like Caesar." (*Page 48*)

* * *

"Young women woo their foes with charms so generously shown that curiosity no longer lends its aid to matrimony." (*Page 111*)

* * *

"Picture old Socrates, unafraid of the sun or the stars, gayly corrupting young men and overturning governments; what would he have done to these bespectacled seedless philosophasters who now litter the court of the once great Queen?" (*Page 11*)

HERE, as the subtitle expresses it, is "A Survey of Human Life and Destiny," in the light of the modern world.

Upon his foundation study of great minds, the brilliant author of THE STORY OF PHILOSOPHY has now built his own observatory, from which he subjects every problem of contemporary life and morals to the illumination of that "total perspective" which is for him the definition of philosophy.

Will Durant attacks the sterility and dishonesty of most modern philosophy, and attempts to restore the highest of human studies to its ancient dignity and fruitfulness.

Here are wit, charm, mellowed wisdom, and a profound and courageous sincerity. Few writers of our time have built a structure at once so lofty and so accessible.

From the Prefatory "INVITATION TO PHILOSOPHY"

HUMAN conduct and belief are now undergoing transformations profounder and more disturbing than any since the appearance of wealth and philosophy put an end to the traditional religion of the Greeks. The rate, complexity, and variety of change in our time are without precedent, even in Periclean days; all forms about us are altered, from the tools that complicate our toil, and the wheels that whirl us restlessly about the earth, to the innovations in our sexual relationships, and the hard disillusionment of our souls.

The passage from agriculture to industry, from the village to the town, and from the town to the city, has elevated science, debased art, liberated thought, ended monarchy and aristocracy, generated democracy and socialism, emancipated woman, disrupted marriage, broken down the old moral code, destroyed asceticism with luxuries, replaced Puritanism with Epicureanism, exalted excitement above content, made war less frequent and more terrible, taken from us many of our most cherished religious beliefs, and given us in exchange a mechanical and fatalistic philosophy of life. All things flow, and we are at a loss to find some mooring and stability in the flux.

From this confusion the one escape worthy of a mature mind is to rise out of the moment and the part, and contemplate the whole. What we have lost above all is total perspective. Life seems too intricate and mobile for us to grasp its unity and significance; we cease to be citizens and become only individuals; we have no purposes that look beyond our death; we are fragments of men, and nothing more. No one (except Spengler) dares today to survey life in its entirety; analysis leaps and synthesis lags; we fear the experts in every field, and keep ourselves, for safety's sake, lashed to our narrow specialties. *Every one knows his part, but is ignorant* of its meaning in the play. Life itself grows meaningless, and becomes empty just when it seemed most full.

Let us put aside our fear of inevitable error, and survey all the problems of our state, *trying to see each part and problem* in the light of the whole. We shall define philosophy as total perspective, as mind overspreading life and forging its chaos into unity. And since philosophy is for us no scholastic game played with dead concepts far from the interests of men and states, it shall here include, with no matter how little precedent, all problems that vitally affect the worth and significance of human life.

The general format of THE MANSIONS OF PHILOSOPHY is similar to that of THE STORY OF PHILOSOPHY, but contains approximately 125 more pages. At all bookstores. $5.00

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Fiction

(*Continued from preceding page*)

THE STRANGE COMPANIONS. By JOHN CRANSTOUN NEVILL. Little, Brown. 1929. $2.50.

We are in two minds about this novel by Mr. Nevill. It is obviously a careful job, written with meticulous attention to detail of all sorts; it has a largeness of conception and a pleasing variety of character, incident, and mood; furthermore, it contains a commendable study of a child's growing up, and analysis of childish tremors and gropings. So much is favorable. Yet we do not remember the book with pleasure after we have finished with it. The reason for our tepidity is the conventionality of the basic idea,—the young heir to a splendid commercial enterprise disdaining his inheritance and rushing into the genteel occupation of painting pictures. We are frankly sick of these nicey-nice youths who shrink from money-making but just love producing third-rate landscapes. Hughie Randall, the protagonist of this novel, is no better than the rest of them; unfortunately for Mr. Nevill's success, we want to put Hughie's head in a bucket. There is altogether too much talk about art and artists in "The Strange Companions." This art talk would have been much less annoying if the story had not started off with many excellent chapters and much effective building up of character and background. The Randall family, living and dead, is a significant force; England of the last two decades is delightfully suggested. But what's the use? Young Hughie Randall's arty disposition enervates his own character and emasculates a good novel.

PIERRE, OR THE AMBIGUITIES. By *Herman Melville*. Dutton. $2.50.

THE OUTSIDER. By *Maurice Samuels*. Stratford. $2.50.

SEVEN FOR A SECRET. By *Mary Webb*. Dutton. $2.50.

THE HOUSE IN DORMER FOREST. By *Mary Webb*. Dutton. $2.50.

ADIOS! By *Lanier Bartlett* and *Virginia Stivers Bartlett*. Morrow. $2.50.

SLEEVELESS ERRAND. By *Norah C. James*. Morrow. $2.50.

YOUNG MRS. GREELEY. By *Booth Tarkington*. Doubleday, Doran. $2 net.

PORTRAIT OF A SPY. By *E. Temple Thurston*. Doubleday, Doran. $2.50 net.

CLASS REUNION. By *Franz Werfel*. Simon & Schuster. $2.

PAGAN INTERVAL. By *Frances Winwar*. Bobbs-Merrill. $2.50.

A WILD BIRD. By *Maude Diver*. Houghton Mifflin. $2.50.

TUMBLING MUSTARD. By *Harold Loeb*. Liveright. $2.50.

BOON. By *Herbert Asquith*. Scribners. $2.50.

LITTLE CÆSAR. By *W. R. Burnett*. Dial. $2.

Molinoff

The Count in the Kitchen

By **MAURICE BEDEL**
author of **JEROME**

"A grand, malicious, sophisticated book. It gave me more actual delight than any novel I've read in months."
—LLOYD MORRIS

VIKING PRESS **$2.50**

History

HOOD'S TENNESSEE CAMPAIGN. By THOMAS ROBSON HAY. New York: Walter Neale. 1929. $3.

This monograph, which was awarded the military history prize by the American Historical Association for 1920, is the first comprehensive and critical study of the much-controverted Tennessee campaign of 1864. Mr. Hay has searched the records thoroughly, weighed his evidence carefully, and made an honest effort to assess the responsibility for a campaign that hastened the end of the Confederacy. His verdict is against President Davis and General Hood. The book is too specialized to enlist the interest of the general reader, but it will be of considerable value to students of the Civil War.

MANITOBA MILESTONES. By MARGARET MCWILLIAMS. Toronto: Dent. 1928.

Mrs. McWilliams performs on the whole an excellent service in this book. Apart from the purely historical chapters—which are somewhat of a *tour de force* though well done—she has made a serious and valuable contribution to a class of history which is of great importance. National history in Canada has suffered in the past from the fact that there have been few adequate and carefully written monographs dealing with local history and with "the frontier" as it has moved forward from pioneer settlement to cultural, political, social, and economic achievement. It is in this connection that Mrs. McWilliams's book is of importance. Manitoba was the first outpost of the new Dominion of Canada and the heroism, faith, and *morale* of its early days are vividly told.

In addition, Mrs. McWilliams brings to her work not merely her own personal experience and knowledge, but acquaintanceship with the oldest settlers, and she possesses admirable qualities in forming critical estimates of their narratives and recollections. As a result we have an admirable contribution to that most interesting aspect of history which looks to the social forces, the deeper human elements, the every day pedestrian events, which in truth make real history, and of which politics and government and such factors are but surface reflections. In many respects the book is fascinating. The selection of illustration is excellent. We know of no recent book in Canadian history in which the narrative is so satisfactorily illuminated from contemporary material.

CANADA IN THE COMMONWEALTH. By SIR ROBERT BORDEN. Oxford University Press. 1929.

This volume by the distinguished statesman who guided the destinies of Canada as Prime Minister during the Great War consists substantially of the first series of lectures delivered at the University of Oxford on the new Cecil Rhodes Memorial foundation. As the basis of his addresses Mr. Borden selected such phases of Canadian history as would arouse interest not only in Great Britain but elsewhere. His lectures reveal the impressions made on a man of affairs by such subjects as the French régime, the discoverers and explorers, the missionaries, the fall of New France, and the coming of responsible government. The more interesting of the lectures are those covering the war and the Peace Conference, in which the author was a distinguished participant.

Sir Robert is very discreet. He makes no revelations (beyond giving Sir Henry Wilson's "Diary" an exceedingly well-deserved rebuke); nevertheless, what he has to say is of value as a record of the period. Sir Robert writes clearly and well, with an eye for practical form, and with a distinct power to seize salient and creative features. As a cabinet minister, under whom Canada made outstanding advances in political status, he acquired a sanity of political utterance and a sobriety of judgment which are well illustrated in this volume, and no one can read his extremely modest criticism of the methods of the Peace Conference without being convinced that he saw with wiser eyes than the Europeans. If his lectures do not reach great heights of illumination they possess qualities perhaps more enduring—modesty, sanity, dignity, sterling integrity, and an entire freedom from passion.

Juvenile

(*The Children's Bookshop will appear next week.*)

MATCHING MOUNTAINS WITH THE BOY SCOUT UNIFORM. By EDWARD F. REIMER. Dutton. 1929. $2.

The fancy title hardly conveys the comprehensive purpose of this book, which is to tell the story of the Boy Scout Uniform, its origins, its variations in different lands, and all about the badges, insignia, and awards associated with it. The two hundred pages give much interesting and curious information, and are enriched with 135 illustrations. The presentation is succinct and thorough, and even the outsider may learn now what the well-dressed scout must wear, and how. The Scouts themselves will treasure this result of official but loving research.

HARBOR PIRATES. By CLARENCE STRATTON. Macmillan. 1929. $2.

When people can be written about so that the breath of everyday life issues from them, it is an advantage to have their story comparatively unplotted, as this is. The book opens with motherly Mrs. Harris ironing and David talking boats; it closes with David entering upon his ambition. In between, David enjoys the little pains and triumphs of school and vacation and the larger risks and successes against the harbor pirates. It is a simple and fascinating unfolding of a life. One is taken inside a humble home and made fond of the people there. Tom, who fights one of David's battles, is quietly but surely drawn. Even Anna comes out in a few strokes. Mr. Stratton, head of the English department of the Cleveland Board of Education, reports the humor of living as well as he catches the sounds and smells of the harbor. Boys, discerning boys, will demand to hear more of David.

PATCHES: A Wyoming Cow Pony. By CLARENCE HAWKES. Springfield: Milton Bradley Co. 1928.

In "Patches" Mr. Hawkes, whose career is an inspiration, has turned out another of his characteristic animal romances. Its locale is a large ranch in Wyoming, and its time is that transition period of the later 'nineties when ranches were under fence, but when there were enough flashes of the old days of the open range to make Western ranch life interesting. The story links past and present.

As a young colt the horse "Patches" had been rescued by Hank Brodie, cowboy, from a killer stallion. Larry Winton comes out to Crooked Creek Ranch, where his uncle Henry—that same Hank—now is foreman. Larry is assigned "Patches," broken for his particular benefit, and learns the lore and the methods of the cattle range. He is ably assisted by "Patches," who develops into not only a top cow pony but a personage. We may trust Mr. Hawkes for that.

It is "Patches," then, who dominates the tale. He wins the polo game between the Ranch team and the Gray Horse Troop of the cavalry; he leads in punishing the outlaw wolf Two Toes; with his stout hind quarters he does for Old Ephraim, the giant grizzly; he takes laurels at the rodeo exhibition at Wyanne, and at times his doglike devotion to Larry is genuinely pathetic.

For an introduction to the story Mr. Hawkes sketches the growth of the cattle business in the West. His details of cow-country life, throughout the text, are remarkably faithful in fact and in spirit. The eighteen illustrations by Griswold Tyng second him. With its handsome jacket and royal blue covers, this volume is to be commended.

Philosophy

THE ANATOMY OF EMOTION. By E. W. LAZELL. Century. 1929. $3.

An increasing quota of books dealing with the emotional life followed in the wake of the Freudian wave, especially when it swelled to a tidal wave, after many years' ineffectual beating against the walls of orthodox practice and social taboo. Centered first upon love, it reached by expansion of the interest in the emotional compound in total behavior, the entire range of emotions. So psychology set to work to place the emotional suites of its household in order. Much good work and more that just fails to score, has been done. Dr. Lazell's contribution is another but not a notable one.

Though written by a physician and reflecting the bodily conditioning of emotional response, it gives the impression of being written out of office hours and to give expression to his interest in allied fields. It covers the usual content of a survey; considers the physical basis, especially the glandular contribution, and leads the way to the culmination of emotive traits in the personality.

The emotions themselves fall into the two groups of the destructive, with fear and anger in the leading rôles, and the constructive ones, dominated by love and its derivative issues. The Freudian interpretation is followed, more closely the Adlerian version; consequently personality assets and liabilities occupy the focus of consideration.

The presentation is rather loosely organized with much excursioning into popular bypaths and philosophizing admonition. The "anatomy" of the emotional life remains visible, but it is rather conventionally tailored to the popular taste. For the casual reader with a commendable interest in acquiring a serviceable knowledge of the emotions with an agreeable amount of effort, it will serve. It does not attain a notable place in the recent bibliography of the subject.

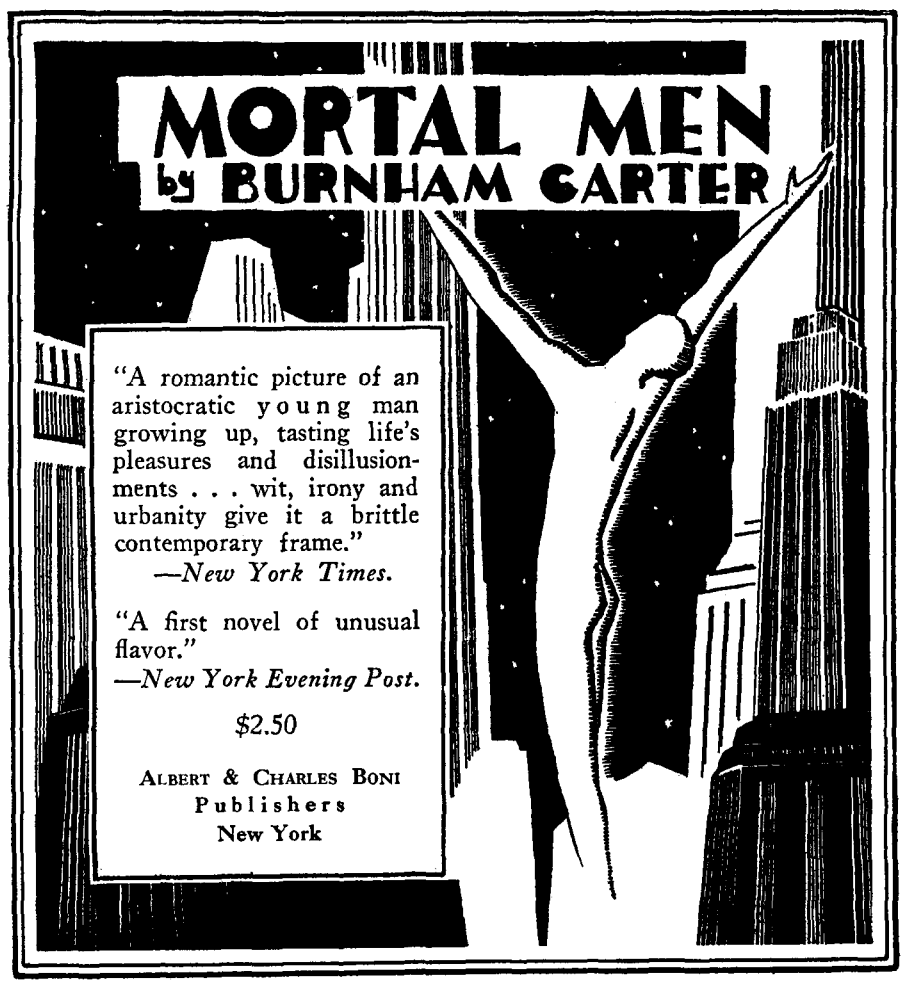
SCIENCE AND PERSONALITY. By *William Brown*. Yale University Press. $3.

THE MANSIONS OF PHILOSOPHY. By *Will Durant*. Simon & Schuster. $5.

HEGEL'S LOGIC OF WORLD AND IDEA. By *Henry S. Macran*. Oxford University Press. $4.50.

UNTIL PHILOPHERS ARE KINGS. By *Roger Chance*. Oxford. $4.

(*Continued on page* 1102)


MORTAL MEN
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The Reader's Guide

Conducted by MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the selection of books and questions of like nature should be addressed to MRS. BECKER, c/o *The Saturday Review.*

THERE is a boy in Jackson, Ohio, or somewhere near this city, who is in Penrod's age and beginning, something after his fashion, I infer, to orientate himself to society in general and adjust himself to the dazzling discovery that there are girls in the world. He is rather small for his age, and rather sensitive about it; it begins to cramp his style in fighting, the possibility of getting licked now taking on unaccustomed direfulness, as it may "get him in bad with his girl." Before I knew how young he was I wrote to his grandmother—who says "*Aren't* grandchildren interesting?" to let him have "They Still Fall in Love," by Jesse Lynch Williams (Scribner), in which an amusing young man overcomes his undersize and quite bullies a millionaire's daughter into behaving herself. This, however, is a grown-up story and boys' books are still his chosen meat. What would the readers of this department suggest as fictional material whereby a boy can get his bearings in a world that seems to be coming in on him all at once, as it so often does at thirteen? I asked the inquirer if I might turn over the commission to this "choir invisible" as it must collectively have plenty of experience in such cases.

The second request for a boy's book is so touching that I ask for your efforts toward the assembling of a beautiful list. The parents (in Cornwall-on-Hudson) of a twelve-year-old boy give every year at Christmas, to the twenty-five boys who were his friends and classmates, a boy's book in his memory. They intend to do this for the next eight years, and would like the books to be stories of boys about the age of the year of the gift. Last Christmas it was "David Blaize"; the story should be of a boy whose character they will admire, and it should also have literary excellence. All the selections are to be made during the coming year, though they may be changed as good new books will appear. This is a special sort of requirement, and no blanket recommendations will do; a boy is to be brought back every Christmas to the memory of his friends, through a boy who will be about the age he would have been.

Some of the most informing of the recent novels about adolescence would not do for either of these lists, because their information is clearly offered to adults. "Edge of the Nest," by Philip Stevenson (Coward-McCann) is about three children, two boys of different age-levels and a girl of the romantic, fantasy-weaving type; it would be painfully enlightening to any age, but the pain would do more harm to readers of the age, say of this girl, than the good the enlightenment would do. "The Fierce Dispute," by Helen Hooven Santmeyer (Houghton Mifflin), is between a grandmother and a mother for the future of a real and charming little girl, but the central interest is in the disputants, and the lesson is for them.

L. U. P., Germantown, Pa., asks for books planning a tour of England; so does J. M. A., New Brighton, Staten Island, and S. H. K., Tarrytown, N. Y. They all have literary shrines somewhat in mind, and will make at least part of the journey by motor.

"TOURING ENGLAND," by Sydney R. Jones (Scribners), is the most compact little guide I have seen; it divides the island into five sections from southeastern to northern, and plans four routes for each. There are charming vignette illustrations by the author and small photographs such as one would take in passing. Sometimes it even adds information for walkers, as in the chapter on the Pilgrim's Way, but the book is in general a road-guide for motorists. It speaks of literary associations, but briefly, as one might expect from the pocket size of the book, which has good-sized type and an index. "Here's England," by Marion Balderston (McBride), is somewhat larger but still quite small enough to be taken all the way; it is inspiring and properly discursive. This goes more into detail, and could be used for any sort of travel.

"About England," by M. V. Hughes (Morrow), is to be read just ahead of a tour, for it will inform a prospective traveller about things he will be wise to look for; at the end of each brief chapter are other suggestions for reading, and there are small, well-chosen drawings. It tells about traits and ways as well as sights and associations. "In Search of England," by H. V. Morton (McBride), is another introduction to the island, by one who always writes of it sympathetically and to the point; this little book goes by motor around the island. "Walks About London," by W. H. Hirst (Holt), and "London's Countryside," by Eric Holmes (McRae), go further afield than one might think from their titles; a pedestrian could use them and this one has, but any traveller would find suggestions for side-trips. "The Homeland of English Authors," by Ernest Rann (Dutton), is a general guide to literary associations, and there are also separate volumes for a number of famous authors, so that one could plan an extended tour through Hardy's country, for instance, or Kipling's, or Shakespeare's, or the land of Dickens. "Shrines of the Great in Europe," by Edwin R. Petrie (Funk & Wagnalls), is a pocket-directory of places with literary and historic associations, indicating location of houses as well as of towns and scenery that figure in fiction or are famous in connection with the life of some writer or artist. The same author and publisher have a book on "When You Go to Europe," including brief instructions as to what to take (and what not to take), and there is a little handbook, "All About Going Abroad," by H. A. Franck (Brentano), that has unusually practical lists of things to take and such valuable and seldom-given suggestions as not to forget visiting cards if you intend to go anywhere at all save to museums and churches. I may add that on the continent the larger the card (so long as it is thin and pretty) the more it is likely to impress the authorities.

C. F. M., Scranton, Pa., asks if I know of any books in which reference is made to the Blood Covenant, with authentic cases "in which conspirators pledged mutual fealty and obedience to their leader over warm blood from the veins of that leader by sipping of the ruby drops that have just flowed from his sad heart." This is just the sort of commission I love to undertake, but so far I cannot find a thing, and ask for help. I thought, of course, it would be in the latest work of my pet Montague Summers, "The Vampire, His Kith and Kin" (Dutton), but though this portly and enthralling work covers necrophagy, necrophilia, lycanthropy, and other horrid departments of the vampire industry in blood-curdling detail, the only reference I can find to covenants involving this fluid are to those in which certain tribes in New South Wales agree to feed a sick person on blood which his male friends provide—a sort of primitive transfusion. "The Vampire" is a grand mass of hearsay and apocrypha, church history and contemporary police reports, and the funniest parts come when, having swallowed some tale of witchcraft whole, he begins to worry just a trifle about the exact date on which it is reported to have taken place, recovering himself by reflecting that "there is no reason at all why the legend should not be correct in detail, although very considerably antedated." I suppose anyone with industry could get all this together, and a modern psychologist could do much with it. But it is not often you can get the chance to read a book on vampires written in the twentieth century by a man who firmly believes in them—and unless the Reverend Montague Summers is the world's prize hoax, he does. Coming upon this book is like finding the footprints of the Eohippus, not caught in a slab of limestone but fresh and bright upon the sod of Hyde Park.

D. V. B., Saranac Lake, N. Y., asks for a history of the manufacture of china and pottery from its inception to the present, the various types, designs and the like.

"A GENERAL History of Porcelain," by William Burton (Funk and Wagnalls), is in two octavo volumes with a great number of plates in color and in black and white. This costs thirty dollars for the set, and covers the subject in all countries and from the beginning. The same authority wrote "Josiah Wedgwood and his Pottery" (Funk), whose color plates are remarkable. "Pottery and Porcelain," by Emil Hannover (Scribner), which amounts to an encyclopedia of the subject, is in three large volumes with 2000 illustrations, costing twenty-five dollars for the set; "Europe and the Near East, the Far East, and European Pottery and Porcelain"; by Bernard Rackham of the Victoria and Albert Museum. "Pottery and Porcelain: a guide to collectors," by Frederick Litchfield (Macmillan), costs nine dollars: this is the fourth edition of a standard work, giving marks, and other collectors' information valuable in detecting spurious pieces. "The Practical Book of Chinaware" by Eberlein and Ramsdell (Lippincott), costs ten dollars; its pictures are in color and in doubletone. Arthur Hayden's "Chat's on English China" and "Chats on Old Earthernware" (Stokes, $4 each) are favorite handbooks for collectors.

A sixty-year-old British law which everybody has supposed was a dead letter was invoked in London recently to secure the conviction of two British publishers.

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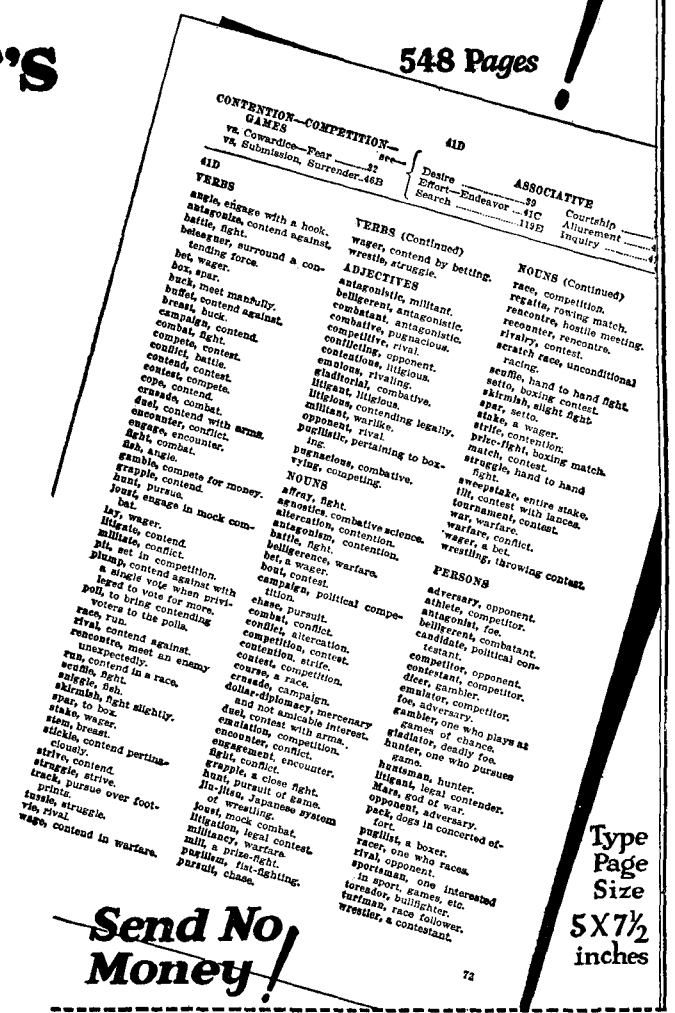

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The New Books

Travel

(*Continued from page* 1100)

HOME OF NYMPHS AND VAMPIRES. The Isles of Greece. By GEORGE HORTON. Bobbs-Merrill. 1929. $3.50.

What charm the modern life among the Greek Isles contains is not discovered by surface brushing, but only unfolds itself through the more intimate contacts of lingering sojourn. George Horton, long American consul at Athens, has wandered there in this fashion, and has written one of the few satisfactory, fully-informing books about them that exist. Mr. Horton possesses the scholarship and love of old and modern Hellenic life that, with a happy style of writing, makes his "Home of Nymphs and Vampires" an ideal guide through the Isles. He relates all the old golden legendry connected with them, and has added to that more familiar knowledge the beliefs in supernatural beings, the ingle tales and general folk lore that have accumulated among the islanders during the Christian centuries of Greece's chequered history.

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AMERICAN FIRST EDITIONS. Bibliographic Check Lists of the Works of One Hundred and Five American Authors. Edited by MERLE JOHNSON. New York: R. R. Bowker. 1929.

FOR many years, the standard bibliography of native literature has been Mr. P. K. Foley's "American Authors, 1795-1895," a work more notable, perhaps, for its inclusiveness than for the completeness of its bibliographical information. As a mausoleum of largely forgotten names and titles it is admirable—almost everyone who put pen to paper during the period is there, and the amount of patient, persevering labor involved in bringing together such a mass of material can only be regarded with unending astonishment and wonder. And now Mr. Merle Johnson, following along the same path, has attempted, with the assistance of several collaborators, to bring the former volume to date, and by substituting the writings of such contemporaries as Mr. Irvin S. Cobb, Mr. Ernest Thompson Seton, and Mr. Harry Leon Wilson, for those of older writers who, in his estimation, are no longer of interest to collectors, to convey a similar tombstone atmosphere to the collectors of 1950. "Twenty years from now," he remarks wistfully in his preface, "many names included in these lists will have passed into sad eclipse." It might, with perfect truth, be added that many have already done just that, quite without any assistance. "It has seemed best," he continues, "to omit authors whose appeal to collectors is limited to one book—as Donald G. Mitchell, with 'Reveries of a Bachelor,' Harriet Beecher Stowe, with "Uncle Tom's Cabin,' etc." Upon this basis, the four pages devoted to William Cullen Bryant whose single volume of any value to literature appeared in 1821, seem rather disproportionate, while the seven assigned collectively to Jack London, Charles G. D. Roberts, and General Lew Wallace may be looked upon as unnecessary gifts. Far more serious, however, is the omission of such writers as Miss Repplier, Mary E. Wilkins Freeman, Elinor Wylie, and Winston Churchill, all of whom are of infinitely more genuine importance and distinction than H. C. Bunner, George Jean Nathan, and Father Tabb—or even Mr. Ben Hecht. Mr. Johnson is, of course, entitled to form his own judgments, and to express them in his book—if only his work is done thoroughly and intelligently, it is almost wrong to find fault with his ideas on the subject of American literature for innocent booksellers.

According to the preface, the present book "aims to provide the dealer or collector with a means of rapidly identifying first editions"; details, such as full collations, numbers of pages, bindings, exact transcriptions of titles, have all been omitted, unless they serve to make clear a first issue. Thus the collector has at hand, presumably, a full list of all the books of his particular author, in varying degrees of correctness, while the dealer is provided with an outline guide to the writers "whose works are to-day (1928) being collected to a greater or less extent." It may be slightly disturbing to persons interested in Henry James to find his "Notes on Novelists" masquerading as "Notes on a Novelist," or to observe that apparently "The Wings of the Dove" was first published in one volume, in spite of Mr. Phillips's bibliography, but after all, Mr. Johnson's chief concern is not with their welfare: he frankly cares far more for the bewildered bookseller who, brought up to believe that any decent edition of a book is satisfactory, now stands aghast at the clamor for first issues. Serialized originally in the *Publishers' Weekly* in the midst of heart-interest stories of brave dealers who had faith in large reorders, and of useful hints on how to increase sales by means of window displays, these check-lists seem designed primarily for persons experimenting with a First Edition Department in order to achieve bigger returns by making the most of the present collecting enthusiasm. Certainly, it must have been for them that the little introductory notes were composed as few collectors could conceivably have needed to learn that Eugene O'Neill's "literary output is entirely in play form," or that dear James Whitcomb Riley "was a singer of the 'homely' virtues." On the other hand, there can be nothing but general gratitude for the identifications of Edgar Fawcett and Henry Blake Fuller. It is no criticism of Mr. Johnson's efforts to say that they are of special benefit to one class rather than to another—there is no reason why a bibliography should not be done with the requirements of booksellers constantly in view, but such work, by its nature, restricts its own usefulness.

It must be admitted that check lists are, at best, so condensed and so simplified that they seldom do more than serve as indications of any given author's extent: they are extremely convenient, but unless their accuracy can be depended upon absolutely, they fail. It is, therefore, most unfortunate that Mr. Johnson, whose previous work has been of unquestioned excellence, should have to be responsible, in the end, for the carelessness of this book—already he has had the courage and good sense to publish a long series of corrections and additions in the *Publishers' Weekly*, to which he may be expected to add any others that he may discover later on. And since there was a definite need for a modern Foley which he had the intelligence to recognize and to try to meet, it might be slightly more sensible of the publishers to bring out a corrected edition of his volume—and keep it, with occasional revisions, *in print*—than to announce unpleasantly that they plan to do nothing more about the matter for at least another five years: even booksellers, it seems, are just now as completely at the mercy of publishers as the most wretched of collectors.

G. M. T.

Auction Sales Calendar

Stan. V. Henkels, Philadelphia. June 11. Rare Americana, including a collection of Lincoln pamphlets and campaign broadsides; the "Constitution of the State of California," San Francisco, 1849; many items dealing with slavery and the negro; several long runs of railroad and canal reports; Quakeriana; the first American edition of Pope's "Essay on Man," Philadelphia, 1760; Frank R. Stockton's "Tales Out of School," New York, 1876; and Mrs. Stowe's "Dred; a Tale of the Great Dismal Swamp," Boston, 1856.

During the past season, the American Art Galleries have had seventeen sales devoted to books, autograph, and manuscript material. The total amount brought by these was $566,640.50. The collection of William M. Cohen, sold February 5th and 6th, realized the greatest sum,—$107,495.00,—the chief items being Vincent de Beauvais's "Mirrour of the World," printed by William Caxton in 1490 ($5,000), and Edmund Spenser's "Colin Clouts Come Home Again," London, 1595 ($2,500). In the sale of Mrs. A. E. Solomon's library, a new high record was set by a first edition of Thomas Hardy's "Desperate Remedies," which brought $7,800. In the first part of the George W. Paullin collection, J. W. Audubon's "California," 1852, the first copy of this work ever to appear at public sale, brought $1,200.

From the third to the eighth of June, the second part of the music library of Dr. Werner Wolffheim was sold at auction in Berlin. This library, unequaled in printed compositions, and in theoretical and historical books of the fifteenth and the eighteenth centuries, has long been recognized as one of the greatest collections, its only rivals being the British Museum, the Prussian State Library in Berlin, and the Library of Congress. At the sale of the first part in June, 1928, the three American libraries to make purchases were the Music School Library of Yale University, the New York Public, and the Library of Congress.

G. M. T.

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"The first edition of Boswell's 'Life of Samuel Johnson,'" (says a New York journal), "which was found recently in England and which aroused wide interest among Boswell-Johnson collectors here as a unique copy of the original unexpurgated text has been sold by Gabriel Wells, New York dealer in rare books, to A. Edward Newton, book collector and author of Philadelphia.

Although the exact price paid for the book could not be learned, it is said to have been the highest price ever paid for a copy of the first edition of the work. Last January a copy brought $5,250 at the auction of the library of Jerome Kern at the Anderson Galleries here.

"Ever since Boswell published his 'Life of Samuel Johnson, LL.D.' in 1791, careful readers and students have wondered why certain pages in the first edition had the page numbers in brackets and why a certain leaf was pasted in on a 'stub.' No copy of the first edition of the 'Life' containing the undeleted text as it originally left Boswell's hand was known to exist until Mr. Wells, now a resident in London, came across such a copy, bought it, and sent it to this country. Upon arrival here it was seen that a most important correction appears on pages 301 and 302 of the second volume.

"Passages on these two pages regarding conjugal fidelity were deleted by Boswell immediately after publication as being indiscreet, it was said."

A Fourth Folio Shakespeare, in good condition, and worth 500 guineas, was discovered by accident recently amongst a lot of rubbish in the basement of Messrs. W. and G. Foyle's, the booksellers, in Charing Cross-road, London.

"Although all sorts of novels are written during any given period," says the New York *Times* in a recent editorial, "a survey generally indicates that one type or 'school' is pretty much to the fore. The genre of the moment is what, for lack of a shorter term, must be called the stream-of-consciousness novel, the psychological novel of earlier decades driven to an extreme. Can the novel of pure consciousness live? Will its influence be continued and unbroken? It scarcely seems so. Granting that there may be beauty in some of these novels, and that their pursuit of subtleties has done much to deepen understanding and to quicken sensibility, the general lack of virility, and the absence of important ideas, are weaknesses too fundamental to be long survived. The world demands more of fiction than that it merely show the wheels go around. To be offered only this type of novel is like being invited to count the revolutions of the propeller in the machine shop when what one desires is the experience of flying.

"Any one looking back over his reading will recall the novels of the type discussed. Some have appeared in the lists of 'best sellers'; more than one has incurred the displeasure of the censor. It seems to be an assumption of this school that not only is sex as a motive of action ever present latently in the consciousness stream, but that it gains complete control at every opportunity. Yet one wonders whether writers of this group are as sound scientifically as they pretend. Many of the characters in these novels are of the introvert type. The consciousness novel will carry greater conviction of validity when it shows us also the mind-stream of the man whose work counts in the world: the financier, let us say, the executive, the doctor, the educator."

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ON Covici-Friede's list for the Fall we are interested to see an announcement of an autobiography by one of America's foremost negro singers. This is "Born to Be," by *Taylor Gordon*. Gordon opened his career as a picanninny page in a questionable resort in White Sulphur Springs, Montana, eventually became a Pullman porter, and finally found himself, as an artist, caught up in the whirl of London society. *Covarrubias* inimitably illustrates the book, *Muriel Draper* has written an introduction to it, and it bears a foreword by *Carl Van Vechten*. . . .

Before you catch that boat for France, better get hold of *Julian Street's* "Where Paris Dines," (Doubleday, Doran). You will probably remember the same author's "Paris à la Carte." You are also probably familiar with the charm and humor of Mr. Street's style as a novelist. Well, while you are in the Gallic capitol, he is an uncommonly safe guide on what to eat and what to drink. And his anecdotes have real flavor. . . .

Lovers of *Vergil* in his native Italy have sent forth a proclamation inviting the world to join in 1930 in honoring the great poet. The American Classical League is developing plans to promote, through the academic year 1930-31, a nation-wide celebration of Vergil's two thousandth anniversary—Bimillennium Vergilianum. If you wish to contribute to the celebration, address the American Classical League, New York University, University Heights, New York. . . .

J. F. Muirhead, Esq., of Campden Hill Square, London, sends us a postal to say that as *Philip Rea*, husband of *Lorna Rea*, of "Six Mrs. Greenes," happens to be the son of his sister, *Mrs. Walter Rea*, he may be considered a fairly good authority on the pronunciation of the name,—and that it rhymes with Sea or See. . . .

Arnold Zweig's second novel, "Education before Verdun," is nearing completion and will be published in the early Spring of 1930, announces the Viking Press. . . .

Extraordinary, wasn't it, that only one fellowship for creative writing, abroad, was granted by the John Simon Guggenheim Memorial Foundation for 1930, though the fellowships of *Léonie Adams*, *Paul Green*, *Allen Tate*, and *Eric Walrond* were all renewed. . . .

A riotously humorous rare book about horses, riders, and equitation is being reprinted in facsimile, from a first edition copy, uncut, from the library of the Earl of Aylesford, by William Edwin Rudge for the American Remount Association. This is Gambado's "An Academy for Grown Horsemen," in an edition limited to 500 numbered copies, of which there will be 100 copies with the new frontispiece "The Dray Horse Makes a Noble Hunter" colored by hand and signed by *Gordon Ross*. Copies of this edition will be issued for fifty dollars each, the other edition of 400 copies on special rag paper, will be sold for fifteen dollars a copy. Forward orders to The American Remount Association, Otis Building, Washington, D. C., or to William Edwin Rudge, 475 Fifth Avenue, New York City. . . .

With the July 1929 issue, publication of *The Dial* will be discontinued. *Miss Marianne Moore's* editorship has long conferred distinction upon it and we regret to hear of its passing. There has been no more independent periodical published in America and many of its contributions in the past have been of the highest literary value. Its yearly award for services rendered genuine literature has been a prize worth gaining. It has commanded the talents of some of the most brilliant critics in the country. . . .

Early this month the first number of a new literary monthly, *Alhambra*, will appear, devoted to the culture of the arts of Spain and Hispano-America. It will endeavor to introduce to this country the most significant writers of Spain and Latin America, and, conversely, to bring, through its section in Spanish, the most important figures of the Anglo-Saxon tradition into the Spanish speaking countries. Its editor is *A. Flores*, its offices at One East Forty-second street, telephone Vanderbilt 0856. . .

A new art periodical, *Parnassus*, is being published by the College Art Association of America, New York University, Washington Square East. . . .

"Psyching the Ads: The Case Book of Advertising" is a new volume from Covici-Friede. It discusses the methods and results of one hundred and eighty advertisements, and is by *Carroll Rheinstrom*. A rapid perusal leads us to the conclusion that there are almost as many ways of advertising as of inventing tribal lays and that if not "every single one of them is right" at least a good many are. . . .

The Scholartis Press in England is bringing out a parody of "The Well of Loneliness" and "Sleeveless Errand" entitled "The Well of Sleevelessness," a "daring tale" by *P. R. Stephensen*, with twenty-seven drawings by *Hal Collins*. The twenty-five signed copies, they say, are already a collectors' item. . . .

Wyndham Lewis, he of *The Enemy* and of "The Childermass," has analyzed the whole color question in "Paleface," which contains some of his most vigorous writing. The English publisher is Chatto and Windus. . . .

Susanne Trautwein's "The Lady of Laws," which Elliot Holt brought out on the first of June, is said to be translated with rare excellence. . . .

We like the inscription on the fly-leaf of *Charles J. V. Murphy's* "Struggle: The Life and Exploits of Commander *Richard E. Byrd*" (Stokes). It reads: "Dedicated to *Richard Evelyn Byrd*, Jr., who is going on nine, and wants to know why his father is always going away somewhere." Because—well, read a short story, "Ice," in a recent volume of stories by *Vere Hutchinson*, "The Other Gate" (Knopf). That is not about a flier, only an explorer, but it explains pretty well why both fliers and explorers are "always going away somewhere". . .

Crime books keep on coming through. One of the most recent is "Crimes of Violence and Revenge," by *H. Ashton Wolfe*, published May third by Houghton Mifflin. And if duelling may be called a crime, you should have a look at *Don C. Seitz's* "Famous American Duels" that the Crowell Co. has brought out. . . .

Charles J. Finger won the Longmans, Green Juvenile Fiction Contest with his "Courageous Companions," and thereby their two thousand dollar prize. The story is of an English boy who sailed with *Magellan*. It is based on historical records of Magellan's cruise. *Marian Hurd McNeely* was runner-up with "The Jumping Off Place," which will be published with the winning book in the Fall. . . .

Señora Concha Espiña, one of the foremost novelists of Spain, will be visiting lecturer in Spanish at Barnard College during the first term next year. She will give one course on "The Process of Literary Creation" and another on "Contemporary Spanish Literature." Señora Espiña is the first woman honored by the Spanish Royal Academy. The academy conferred a prize for her book, "Mariflor," and chose a play taken from one of her stories by the Spanish playwright, *Martinez Sierra*, as the best theatrical production in five years. Señora Espiña, whose books, written over a period of twenty years, have been translated into many languages, is a pioneer among Spanish women in this field. This will be her first visit to this country. . . .

Joseph Auslander and *Frank Ernest Hill* have augmented their original history of poetry, "The Winged Horse," by a new volume, "The Winged Horse Anthology," a book they realized was inevitable when they were doing the other. It is a large and comprehensive volume. . . .

"Paper Houses," by *William Plomer*, published over here by Coward-McCann, is a book we can sincerely recommend. It consists of eight stories of modern Japan, written by a young South African now resident in Toyko. Mr. Plomer does not at all agree with the picture of Oriental life drawn by the late Lafcadio Hearn. His book has already received excellent notices in England. . . .

Today (that is the last of May, the day upon which we write this) precedes the day of the sailing of the Editor of *The Saturday Review of Literature*. First *Herr Canby* will be in Paris, thence he will go to Switzerland, thence to Vienna, where he is the honored American delegate to the P. E. N Conference. The Austrian Government is putting Austrian railroads and hotels at the service of the official delegates. It will be a grand jamboree. Later on our editor will go to a superb castle in Austria little known to Americans, thence to Munich by way of Prague. Upon his return to Paris he will visit the battlefields. . . .

Uh-huh, and what about the Phoenician? Does he live in castles? Does he attend conferences? Does he visit battlefields? The only battlefields he knows are those of El and Subway platforms. The only conferences he attends are office ones. The only castles he sees are on a chess-board. And always by six o'clock on Fridays there's still a sheet of manila paper to go, on this column, with no notes left and not an idea in his head. Also, this evening is very hot. And when we think of the boss sitting up on deck in a steamer-chair two mornings hence, without having to review a single darn book, and nothing to do but blink at the ocean, our inner vision becomes a cloudy crimson. . . .

Of course we don't really mean that. We think our Editor has worked very hard this year and heartily deserves a vacation. Nevertheless—then they come and tell us it's so nice, we are going to have six inches more to fill this week. . . .

But wait till next year, when we go to Bulgaria!

THE PHOENICIAN.

an APOLOGY

WITHIN ten days after publication, the first edition of JOHN COWPER POWYS' novel, *Wolf Solent*, is already exhausted. In a single great stride this "modern prose Hamlet" [so characterized by *The New York Times*] has stepped upon the Best Seller lists! Once more must *The Inner Sanctum* beg lovers of distinguished literature to be patient—until the day-and-night labors of printer and binder can produce a second, and much larger, edition. This will reach the bookstores in a few days. Meantime they will gladly take advance orders.

When *The Inner Sanctum* read the manuscript of *Wolf Solent*, it recognized upon every page the stuff of greatness—but it looked for, at best, an immediate success of esteem followed by a slowly mounting sale of this $5.00 two-volume work among the discriminating Later, when ecstatically appreciative tributes came from THEODORE DREISER, EDGAR LEE MASTERS, EDWARD GARNETT, WILL DURANT and HARRY HANSEN . . . comparing POWYS with such immortals as THOMAS HARDY, FEODOR DOSTOIEVSKY, EMILY BRONTÉ and others . . . it seemed that the book would perhaps find a somewhat wider audience among all who enjoy great poetry in superb prose, brooding mystery lavishly projected on a philosophical plane. Wisdom, however, still counselled restraint—and this sentiment guided the printing order.

But now, in the face of a sheaf of reviews such as are never accorded to less than a masterpiece, and the confirming testimony of telegraphed re-orders, *The Inner Sanctum* can only confess that it has erred once more in underestimating the artistic appreciation of general readers—and promise a new supply of *Wolf Solent* at the bookstores at the earliest possible moment.

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Points of View

Keats and Shakespeare

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

Mr. G. R. Elliott in his review of Miss Spurgeon's "Keats's Shakespeare: A Descriptive Study Based on New Material," makes several questionable statements.

I believe Miss Spurgeon to be substantially correct when she says:

"It was through and with Shakespeare, during this year of miraculous growth (1817), that Keats gradually found his way to his own deepest and most original convictions about life and poetry, to the realization that great poetry is the outcome of great living, the secret of which is a seeking of, a reception of, and a submission to, experience. . . ."

But I heartily disagree with Mr. Elliott's assertion that Keats's wish to master experience "drove him on . . . from his absorption in Shakespearean sensuousness to a grappling with Milton"; implying that only the virtuous Milton could properly nourish his growing aspiration toward a poetry of "our highest thoughts." In the first place it is doubtful whether Keats, in the summer of 1819, "substituted," in his affections, Milton for Shakespeare. While discovering or rediscovering certain sonorous aspects of Milton's poetry, he could "feast upon Milton" without in the least abating his profound admiration for Shakespeare. In the second place, even if he had substituted Milton for Shakespeare in a "growing effort to transcend the merely sensuous and romantic," nothing detrimental to Shakespeare would be proven thereby. Shakespeare was less addicted than Milton to capitalizing "Virtue" and "Conscience"; he neglected to write moral treatises on diverse subjects; he consistently refused to be didactic. But his plays are far from "merely sensuous and romantic." Certainly he celebrated the kind of beauty which rejoices the senses. That was a part of the full experience he gloried in, and one of the prerequisites for a developed and inclusive understanding—that human quality, notably in the five great tragedies and in "The Tempest," which ravishes and confounds and fills with wonder. Like Shakespeare, Keats started with sensuous beauty, but almost from the beginning recognized that it was the staircase by which he could climb to starry regions. The ascension was necessarily imaginative and spiritual. And the goal which Shakespeare had found before him was that very "love of good and evil," that "high reason," toward which Keats yearned. If, in writing "Endymion," Keats was "simply saturated" with "A Midsummer Night's Dream" and "The Tempest," why should anyone accredit to the influence of Shakespeare some of the "mushy" verses (I dislike Mr. Elliott's epithet) "perpetrated by the young Keats"? The mushiness or "romantic nonsense" of "The Tempest" is not proved by Mr. Elliott's quotation of Miranda's words to her log-bearing lover: "When this burns, 'twill weep for having wearied you," because a conceit, an extravagance, a sentimentality if you will, is characteristic of an inexperienced and enamoured girl like Miranda. Furthermore, if "The Tempest" stood really convicted of "mush," this would not mean that the older poet was "responsible"—Mr. Elliott's word—for the younger poet's faults of expression. Surely, in a nature as inherently fine as Keats, a lapse or two into sentimentality is due, not to love of sentimentality, but to an inadvertent falling short, in realization and phrasing, of the fine, unsentimental thing which he felt and meant to write. Immaturity was the cause; not Shakespeare. The remedy might have been to retire from the world for six years, as Milton did, after Oxford, to study, travel, and suffer to be written only five poems—less than one a year. But if Keats had set his heart on this leisurely preparation, where would be the "Collected Works"? His swift competitor was death.

I feel certain, on the evidence, that for Keats Shakespeare remained what Keats originally called him, "Master" and "Chief Poet." He reread "Lear," and was stirred to the bottom of his impressionable soul. Milton was a side-interest. And it is possible that the attribute of Milton which appealed most to Keats was that very "sensuousness" which Mr. Elliott decries, for where is sensuous sound so married to the meaning as in certain passages of "Lycidas," "L'Allegro," "Il Penseroso," and even "Paradise Lost"?

Heaven opened wide
Her ever-enduring gates, harmonious sound,
On golden hinges moving.

I doubt whether the cold and puritannical Milton touched him to the quick. There is no record that he ever repudiated

Beauty is truth, truth beauty—that is all
Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know.

Would Milton have put beauty before moral rectitude? Could he have seen, with Shakespeare, that beauty includes beauty of action, and that beauty of human action is the deepest rectitude? Keats saw it—with Shakespeare's help. For in Shakespeare's tragedies exceptional beings, ensnared in portentous events, by their own acts set going forces which, working by some profound necessity, purge the moral order of evil, and in the midst of wasted good, and in the presence of death, convince the reader or the playgoer of deathless things. Says Mr. Elliott: "To Milton is due some of the intellectual firmness that appears in Keats's great poems." And to Shakespeare?

One other matter. Mr. Elliott speaks disparagingly of "the recent brood of critics who are worshipping the sensuous imagination," and who applaud, in Keats and in contemporary poetry, what both "already have too much of." I wonder who these critics are. And who are the offending contemporary poets lost in sensuous images? Not Emily Dickinson, who is contemporary in the sense that she is contemporarily discovered; not Edwin Arlington Robinson, who has just published "Cavender's House"; not Elinor Wylie, who, in the same issue which carried Mr. Elliott's review, was justly praised for her intellectuality by that excellent critic, Mary M. Colum.

But no. Contrary to the expectation induced by the forepart of his review, Mr. Elliott is not lamenting the dearth of intellectuality in contemporary poetry nor, apparently, in Keats. His last paragraph surprises by claiming that the "desperate need" is for "rich human ideas." I will say nothing about his conclusion as applied to contemporary poetry. That is an article in itself. But Keats! He needed "rich human ideas" and therefore, in the summer of 1819, wisely "substituted Milton for Shakespeare"? As if any poet in the world's literature has excelled Shakespeare in warm humanness! Least of all, among the great poets, Milton.

VIRGINIA MOORE.

St. Louis.

"Ethan Brand"

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

Lewis Mumford's statement in his biography of Herman Melville that Melville had Hawthorne in mind when he wrote "Ethan Brand" may have been based on my previous statement to that effect in an article which I published in the *Forum* in June, 1928. I should very much like to relieve Mr. Mumford of responsibility for the statement should it prove that I am in error.

Randall Stewart is to be congratulated on his discovery that "Ethan Brand" was first published in the *Boston Museum*. The issue of this magazine in which "Ethan Brand" appeared is dated January 5th, 1850. It will be noted that this is presumably the first issue of the *Boston Museum* for that year. I should like to inquire whether the issue is not misdated and should not read January 5th, 1851. I have had considerable experience in indexing American magazines and have more than once found that the date of the previous year has been inadvertently carried over to the new year for one or more issues. The matter could readily be settled, I suppose, if Mr. Stewart has access to a complete file of the *Boston Museum*.

That Hawthorne, as his notebooks show, had long brooded on the problem of the Unpardonable Sin, proves nothing either for or against our hypothesis. As he had not gone to the Berkshires, however, until the spring of 1850, it is improbable that he should have so accurately portrayed Mount Graylock in 1849.

EDWARD J. O'BRIEN.

Villa Pauliska, Locarno, Switzerland.

Erratum

By an unfortunate error the reviewer of Frank Thiess's "Interlude," published by Alfred A. Knopf, described that novel as an earlier work than its author's "The Gateway to Life" or "The Devil's Shadow." As a matter of fact it is Thiess's latest novel.

"Der Weltkrieg 1914 bis 1918," the fifth volume of the German official history of the War on land has recently been issued (Berlin: Mittler). It deals with the autumn campaign of 1914, covering the operations on both the Eastern and Western fronts.

Some Reviews

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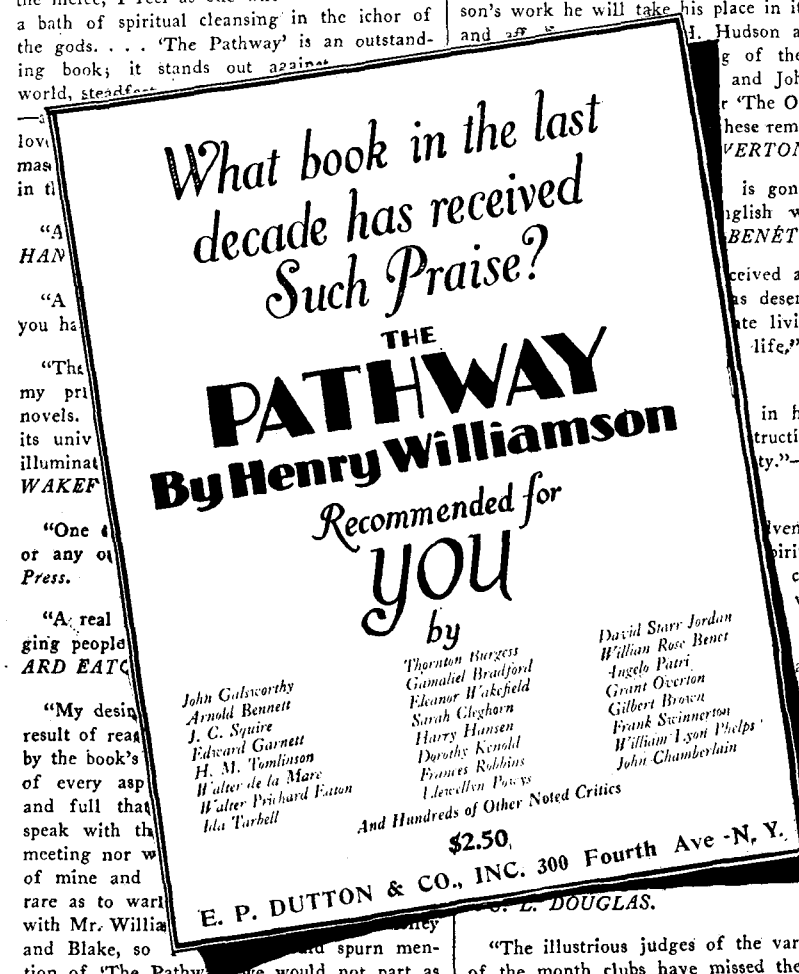

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A YEAR AND A HALF AGO the Inner Sanctum published *The Man Who Conquered Death*, by the same writer. This was advertised frankly as "a novel that would never become a best-seller" . . . *The Inner Sanctum was right.* Now the Inner Sanctum is publishing another work by Franz Werfel, a full length novel, CLASS REUNION, which has been the outstanding success of the current season in Germany and Austria.

THE INNER SANCTUM believes it to be the best book FRANZ WERFEL has written. Despite the reception of WERFEL's previous books, *Class Reunion* should appeal to a far larger number of intelligent readers, and bring FRANZ WERFEL the renown he richly deserves in America.

BRIEFLY, THE IDEA of *Class Reunion* is expressed in a quotation from *The Elective Affinities* of GOETHE: "*Against the Superiority of Another There Exists No Weapon or Remedy Save Love*" . . .

ALL THE SWEETNESS and tragedy of adolescence are distilled into these fast-turning pages of *Class Reunion*, an achievement which has evoked from the most discerning German and Austrian critics such comments as these: "*A demoniac quality*" . . . "*Significant, tense, and profound*" . . . "*Soul-moving*" . . . "*Franz Werfel is one of the purest and most artistic figures of the younger generation.*"

BEFORE THE BENCH of an examining magistrate shambles the derelict figure of a man charged with manslaughter, Franz Adler . . . "Adler? . . Adler?" . . . As he questions the accused, the judge becomes more and more convinced that this same man was twenty years ago the genius of his high school class. Troubled by this thought and his early memories further awakened by a class reunion banquet that same evening, the magistrate remains awake till daybreak, pouring out on paper the confessions and phantasms of his entire youth.

THE NEXT DAY the questioner once again confronts the prisoner in the dusty courtroom . . . and accuser becomes accused. Here are mystery, suspense, pity and irony. . . A melodrama of youth that records the most poignant and most subtle experiences and emotions with breathtaking fidelity.

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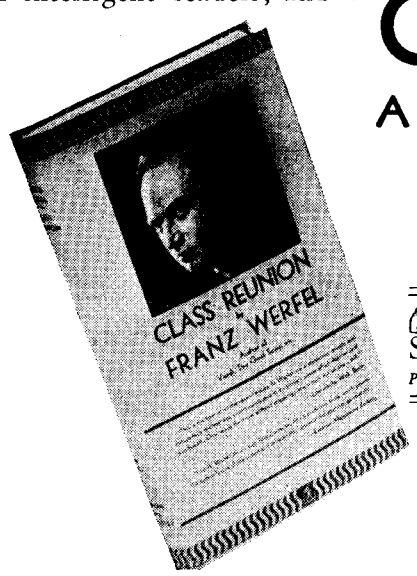

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